THE ALBION

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OFFICE CORNER OF CEDAR STREET AND BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1830. NEARLY OPPOSITE THE CITY HOTEL.

LITERATURE, &C.

LEXINGTON.

Lexington, with other Fugitive Poems. New York: G. C. and H. Carvill. 1830.

This is a very beautiful little volume, and proceeds from the pen of Colonel Wetmore,one of the sweetest of the New York poets. The grace and simplicity of the following "Fugitive Pieces," copied almost at random, will better show the standard of his merits than any eulogy of ours would convey.

SONG.

Breathe no more the notes of sadness,
Give to pleasure all thy strings;
Gentle harp, thy song of gladness
O'er our souls its magic flings:
Where's the breast with sorrow pining?—
Bring the pilgrim to our shrine;
Where the spirit's light is shining,
There's the Mecca most divine?
Then breathe no more the notes of sadness,
Give to pleasure all thy strings:
Gentle harp, thy song of gladness
O'er our souls its magic flings.

Here no brow by sorrow shaded,
Comes to mar our mirth with sighs;
Here no wreath whose flowers have faded,
Meets the glance of sparkling eyes:
Seek ye love? the bosom's treasure—
Here he plumes his keenest dart;
When ye list the witching measure,
Then love plies his potent art:
Oh! breathe no more the notes of sadness,
Give to pleasure all thy strings;
Gentle harp, thy song of gladness
O'er our souls its magic flings.

A THOUGHT.

As we look back through life in our moments of sadness,
How few, and how brief, are its gleamings of gladness;
Yet we find 'midst the gloom that our pathway o'ershaded,
A few spots of sunshine—a few flowers unfaded:—
And memory still hoards, as her richest of treasures,
Some moments of rapture—some exquisite pleasures:
One hour of such bliss is a life ere it closes—
'Tis one drop of fragrance from thousands of roses!

HEBREW.

Judah mourneth, and the gates thereof languish; they are black unto the ground; and the cry of Jerusalem is gone up. *Jeremiah.*

Oh, Judah! thy dwellings are sad—
Thy children are weeping around,
In sackcloth their bosoms are clad
As they look on the famishing ground:
In the deserts they make them a home,
And the mountains awake to their cry—
For the frown of Jehovah hath come,
And his anger is red in the sky!

Thy tender ones throng at the brink,
But the waters are gone from the well;
They gaze on the rock, and they think
Of the gush of the stream from its cell—
How they came to its margin before,
And drank in their innocent mirth;
Away! it is sealed—and no more
Shall the fountain yield freshness to earth.

The hearts of the mighty are bowed,
And the lowly are haggard with care—
The voices of mothers are loud,
As they shriek the wild note of despair;
Oh, Jerusalem! mourn through thy halls—
And bend to the dust in thy shame—
The doom that thy spirit appals,
Is famine—the sword—and the flame!

THE FLIGHT.

——— Yet see:
The lattice opens, and a hand as white
As fleecy cloud, or snow on mountain top,
Waves a fair answer. She will come! *Leggett.*

O'er the lake's gentle bosom
Soft music is sighing,
How sweetly is breathing
The lute's silver sound!
The lover's light bark
O'er the swift wave is flying,
With the speed of a fairy
On love's errand bound:
The maiden is listening—
The echoes are dying—
And light from the lattice
Is beaming around.
One glance to the turret—
Love's signal is waving!
'Tis the star of his hope
To the fond lover's sight;
Floating light as a sea-bird,
The deep billow braving,
That bark bears the maiden
Away in its flight:
The smile on her fair cheek,
A tear-drop is laving,
And the lovers are gone
In the shadows of night.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Narrative of a Second Voyage round the World, by the adventurous explorer Otto Von Kotzebue, the publication of which has been delayed by accidental circumstances, will make its appearance in a few days, accompanied with Maps and Illustrations.

That singular production, "Paul Clifford," which, in combination with the other works of its author, has exemplified fully his acquaintance with every form and aspect of English social life, is to be presented anew to the public in a second edition, to which several important additions have been made.

A new edition of Mr. Cooper's last very popular work, "The Borderers," is also in immediate preparation.

A new work from the pen of the same popular author, is also in the press, under the title of "The Water Witch."

The next volume of Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, will contain the commencement of a new History of the Netherlands, we have not heard by whom.

The Rev. John Kenrick has just completed an Abridgement, which will shortly be published, of his translation of Zumet's Latin Grammar.

Mr. J. H. Wiffen has in the press an Edition of his Translation of Tasso, in one vol. royal 18mo. with the Wood Engravings of the former Edition.

The Arrow and the Rose, and other poems, by William Kennedy, whose preceding productions displayed so much poetical genius.

General Sir Hew Dalrymple's Proceedings whilst in command at Gibraltar, and afterwards when commander of the Forces in Portugal, towards a full and faithful Narrative of the Peninsular War, will speedily be published.—*London Sept. 1, 1830.*

SYSTEM OF NAMING HIS MAJESTY'S SHIPS.

The method of naming his Majesty's ships is most capricious: indeed it may be doubted if there exists any rule at the Admiralty to regulate this particular duty, although the matter is by no means of immaterial consequence. Seamen attach great faith to particular *names*; so much so, indeed, that even in the coasting trade, a vessel which has proved fortunate to her owners, is usually repaired and patched to the last timber, from a superstitious notion prevailing, that so long as one plank of the original fabric remains, it is still the same vessel, and she will retain the same luck in her trading speculations, although every other part of her has been changed and rebuilt. The Welsh seamen in particular follow this practice, and it is amusing to observe at Swansea, Milford, Cardigan, and other Cambrian ports, vessels undergoing what is called a *repair*, which consists of new keel, new stem, new stern, new timbers, and new decks, with perhaps one old cat head or transum knee, *left in for luck*, to preserve the *fortunate name*. In the Royal Navy also, some consideration has frequently been accorded to the prejudices of seamen in favour of celebrated ships. The *Endeavour*, in which Cook circumnavigated the globe, and effected several great discoveries, was preserved till very lately as a hulk at Sheerness; and it is supposed that the *Victory*, Lord Nelson's flag-ship at Trafalgar, has now scarcely one of her original planks remaining, yet the Government have wisely determined that she shall not be *razeed*, broken up, or destroyed, so long as a timber remains to awaken recollection of her glorious exploits. The Americans knew so well the importance of exciting enthusiasm by these means during the late war, that they named even the guns of their ships after heroes and battles. Thus, the *President* had her main-deck battery baptised Washington, Saratoga, Orleans, and even Nelson, Rodney, Duncan, and Napoleon; thus supplying the deficiency in their own warlike nomenclature, by adopting the stirring names contained in the histories of other nations.

The association of ideas produced by heroic names has been studied by many able commanders. Napoleon frequently animated his troops, by desiring them to "*Remember Austerlitz.*" Sir William Hoste, a few minutes previous to the commencement of his gallant fight off Lissa, telegraphed to his squadron, "*Remember Nelson.*" Moore, in rallying the 42d regiment at Corunna, bade them "*Remember Egypt.*" Wellington cheered the Rifles when hard pressed at Waterloo, by exclaiming, "*Ninety-fifth! Ninety-fifth! what will they say of us in England?*" Nelson, in preparing for his last bloody battle, touched a more tender, but an equally powerful chord, when he signalized, "*England expects that every man will do his duty!*" He well knew what that one word, "*England,*" would effect upon every man in his fleet. The thoughts of husbands flew to their wives, of lovers to their idols, of sons to their parents, of fathers to their children; of the whole to their King, their own dear country, and their happy homes! A determination to act their parts in the approaching fight, so as to honour those they loved in *Old England*, flashed instantly through every bosom; and when the magic signal was communicated to the respective ships' companies, such a shout arose along the British line as must have proved electric at the moment!

Since, therefore, a wise commander neglects no means of keeping up the enthusiasm of his followers, might it not be worth the attention of the Admiralty to render available for this purpose the associations, nay, even the superstitions of our seamen? With this view, might not the naming of his Majesty's ships be conducted upon some intelligible principle? Hitherto it appears to have depended entirely on the whim or eccentricity of successive First Lords. It may afford amusement to trace the capriciousness of their tastes through the ranks of our Navy List. Some years ago, the then First Lord of the Admiralty, being a mighty fox-hunter, introduced his whole *pack* into the navy! While this nautical hydrophobia lasted, the seas were covered with the Boxer, Biter, Borer, Bruiser, Tickler, Cracker, Pincher, Dasher, Brisk, Hasty, Havock, Peiter, Rover, Rolla, Snapper, Surly, Swinger, Ranger, Hearty, Jasper, &c. &c. of which many still remain as the canine ornaments of our navy. The administration at length changed, and the new First Lord, fresh from the groves of Alma Mater, determined to neutralize the vulgarity of his predecessor's nomenclature, by a copious introduction of classical names. Accordingly, Lempriere was put in full requisition, and to this freak we are indebted for Andromache, Andromeda, Bellerophon, Bucephalus, Cadmus, Calliope, Dædalus, Euryalus, Eurydice, Hebe, Helicon, Hyperion, Iphigenia, Mæander, Melampus, Pelorus, Pegasus, Polyphemus, Prometheus, Semiramis, Terpsichore, Agamemnon, Zenobia *cum multis aliis.* One hundred of these academic argosies remain still upon the Navy List, as testimonials of his Lordship's literary attainments, and puzzlers for the pronunciation of "Poor Jack." The latter, however, readily metamorphoses any appellation of this description into some humerous term of his own. Thus, Bellerophon, became *Billy Ruffian*; Agamemnon, *Eggs and Bacon*; Andromache, *Andrew Mackay*; and Polyphemus, the *Polly Infamous!*

To the scholastic reign a Parisian government succeeded, and the navy became inundated with Gallicisms. L'Oiseau, Le Belliqueux, Le Genereux, L'Impetueux, Le Courageux, L'Espiegle, L'Espoir, Le Foudroyant, Le Sans Pareil, L'Imperieuse, La Dedaigneuse, &c. If "Poor Jack" mangled the Classics, he made some sort of atonement by murdering the French. Thus, Belliqueux was transformed into *Belly squeaks*, Genereux into *Jenny Rooks*, and Dedaigneuse (being a heavy sailer) into *Dead Nose!*

A braggadocio next became Lord of the Ascendant, and our wooden walls were disfigured by such buckram names as, Impregnable, Invincible, Implacable, Terrible, Redoubtable, *Magnificent*, Formidable, Powerful, Dreadnought, Infernal, &c. Fortunately this boasting gentleman "died in his youth and beauty's pride, and a naturalist reigned in his stead." This was the glorious era of ornithology, conchology, ichthyology, and natural foolery, which introduced Bustards, Buzzards, Crocodiles, Reindeer, Racoons, and Rattlesnakes.

Finally, Lord Melville invented the less objectionable custom of naming most of our ships of war after *rivers*. His Lordship appears to have been born under Aquarius or Pisces, he has such fondness for streams. We have now not only most of the celebrated rivers of antiquity, such as the Tigris, Indus, Euphrates, Ganges, Orontes, &c. but nearly every petty rivulet in the United Kingdon; the Spey, Tay, Dee, Tees, Liffey, Shney, Tyne, Wye, &c. Nay, so determined appears his Lordship's predilection for *fresh* water, that he will not permit even a cataract or lake to escape notice and we have accordingly launched Niagara, Ontario, and Huron!

It has been the practice of several administrations to direct that vessels captured from the enemy, and annexed to the British navy, shall retain their original foreign names. This may partly account for the numerous French appellations before mentioned; but however commendable such a custom may be in general, yet its adoption has frequently led to singular misconstruction among uneducated seamen. How frequently must the pious inhabitants of Devonport have been shocked at hearing drunken sailors, in all the innocence of ignorance, cursing the *Salvador del Mundo*, and the confinement of a guard-ship, little thinking that by such expressions they were blaspheming the Saviour of the world! We remember one of the Trafalgar heroes, in his account of the battle, boasting that a broadside from his ship shivered the stern of St John, while another discharge had nearly sent the *Santissima Trinidada* (Holy Trinity) to the devil! The *Cacafuego*, a small vessel captured from the Spaniards, was for many years employed in the British navy under the same name, although it is not possible to make a translation of the term fit for English readers. Suffice it to say, that the power of *emitting fire* is conveyed by that appellation in the grossest manner, and our tars invariably preferred using the corresponding English terms, according to the most literal version of the phrase.

Having thus reviewed the whimsical mode practised in the Royal navy, by which our ships of war have hitherto been named, it may be expected we should offer a few remarks as to the principle which might advantageously be adopted in future.

Our system then would be to name all ships and vessels of war after our kings, princes, heroes, and battles; all his Majesty's steam-vessels after celebrated philosophers, mechanics, and engineers; the Royal Yachts after junior branches of the Royal Family; and the Civil Navy of Government, such as boys, lighters, transports, &c. with names appropriate to their several employments; bomb ships might very well again with the inflammatory titles of Sulphur, Volcano, Thunder, Lightning, &c. as at present; and King's Packets might be called Swift Dispatch, Speedy, Courier, &c. &c.

We do not pretend that such an arrangement as we have recommended is altogether new, or that it has not been partially adopted already. What we desire is, that it may be *organized as a system*, and not left to hance as at present. It is true, we have even now a Rodney, Nelso, Duncan, Howe, Trafalgar, &c., but why are we not to possess a S Domingo, Dogger Bank, or First of June? Why do we exclude the names of Drake, Collingwood, "the gallant [illegible]," the heroic Harvey, the brave Parker, the [illegible], Abercrombie, Moore, Cole, Duff, or the living heroes [illegible], Lowther, Hyde Parker, Exmouth, and Keats? Surely if such names as [illegible], Fife, Wellington, Bridport, Adams, [illegible]

Toulouse, and Salamanca, ought not to be forgotten or displaced by such unmeaning titles, as Ship-Jack, Snapper, Monkey, and many others which now *dignify* the British Navy List. We do not censure the Admiralty for having acted upon a wrong principle hitherto, because we believe they have been governed by no systematic arrangement whatever. The fact seems to be, as we have already stated, that this subject, though by no means unimportant, has hitherto escaped the attention of our Government, and no time appears so well fitted to introduce some better regulation, as the commencement of a Naval Reign, when the nation is naturally expecting and willing to see every encouragement afforded to the Wooden Walls of Old England, now under the command of the Royal Admiral King William the Fourth God bless him!

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

(Continued.)

EARLY STRUGGLES.

Two days, after the occurrence in St. James's Park, above related, I was, as usual, reading the columns of advertisements in one of the daily papers, when my eyes lit on the following:—

"The professional gentleman, who, a day or two ago, had some conversation on the subject of asthma with an *invalid*, on one of the benches in St. James's Park, is particularly requested to forward his name and address to W. J. care of Messrs ——."

I had almost let the paper fall from my hands with delighted surprise. That I was the "professional gentleman" alluded to, was clear; and on the slender foundation of this advertisement, I had in a few moments built a large and splendid superstructure of good fortune. I had hardly calmness enough to call my wife, who was engaged with some small household matters, for the purpose of communicating the good news to her. I need hardly to say with what eagerness I complied with the requisitions of the advertisement. Half an hour beheld my name and address in an envelope, with the superscription, "W. T." lying at Messrs ——'s, who were stationers. After passing a most anxious and sleepless night, agitated by all kinds of hopes and fears, my wife and I were sitting at breakfast, when a livery-servant knocked at the door; and after enquiring whether "Dr. ——" was at home, left a letter. It was an envelope containing the card of address of Sir William ——, No. 26, —— Street, accompanied with the following note:—

"Sir William ——'s compliments to Dr. ——, and will feel obliged by his looking in, in the course of the morning."

"Now be calm, my dear ——," said Emily, as she saw my fluttering excitement of manner. But, alas! that was impossible. I was impatient for the hour of twelve; and precisely as the clock struck, I sallied forth to visit my titled patient. All the way I went, I was taxing my ingenuity for palliatives, remedies for asthma; I would new-regulate his diet and plan of life—in short, I would do wonders!

Sir William, who was sitting gasping by the fire-side, received me with great courtesy; and after motioning his niece, a charming young woman to retire, told me he had been so much interested by my remarks the other day, in the Park, that he felt inclined to follow my advice, and put himself under my care altogether. He then entered on a history of his complaints. I found his constitution was entirely broken up, and that in a very little it would fall to pieces. I told him, however, that if he would adhere strictly to the regimen I proposed, I could promise him great, if not permanent relief. He listened to what I said with the utmost interest. "Do you think you could prolong my life, Doctor, for two years?" said he, with emotion. I told him I certainly could not pretend to promise him so much. "My only reason for asking the question," he replied, "is my beloved niece, that young lady who has just left us. If I cannot live for two years or eighteen months longer, it will be a bitter thing for her!"—He sighed deeply—and added abruptly—"but of that more hereafter. I hope to see you to-morrow, Doctor." He insisted on my accepting five guineas in return for the *two* visits he said he had received—and I took my departure. I felt altogether a new man as I walked home. My spirits were more light and buoyant than they had been for many a long month: for I could not help thinking that I had now a fair chance of introduction into respectable practice. My wife shared my joy; and we were as happy for the rest of that day as if we had already surmounted the heavy difficulties which oppressed us.

I attended Sir William every day that week, and received a fee of two guineas for each visit. On Sunday, I met the family physician, Dr. ——, who had just been released from attendance on one of the royal family. He was a polite but haughty man, and seemed inclined to be much displeased with Sir William for calling me in. When I entered, Sir William introduced me to him as "Dr. ——." "Dr. ——, of —— Square?" enquired the other physician, carelessly. I told him where I lived. He affected to be reflecting where the street was; it was the one next to that in which he himself resided. There is nothing in the world so easy, as for the eminent members of our profession to take the bread out of the mouths of their younger brethren, with the best grace in the world. So Sir ——contrived in the present case. He assured Sir William that nothing was calculated to do him so much good as change of air—of course I could not but assent;—the sooner, he said, Sir William left town, the better; Sir William asked me if I concurred in that opinion?—Certainly. He set off for Worthing two days after—and I lost the best—and almost the only patient I had then ever had; for Sir William died after three weeks' residence at Worthing.

This circumstance occasioned me great depression of spirits. Nothing that I touched seemed to prosper; and the transient glimpses I occasionally obtained of good fortune, seemed given only to tantalize, me, and enhance the bitterness of the contrast. My store of money was reduced at last from £3000 to £25 in cash: my debts amounted to upwards of £100; and in six months another £225 would be due to old L——! My wife, too, had been confined, and then was another source of expense; for both she and my little daughter were in a very feeble state of health. Still, secretly wishful to accommodate herself to one lowered in circumstances, she almost broke my heart with the proposal of dismissing our servant, the whole of whose labour my sweet Emily herself undertook to perform! No, no—this was too much; the tears of agony gushed from my eyes, as I folded her delicate frame in my arms, and assured her that Providence would never permit so much virtue and gentleness to be degraded into such humiliating servitude. I *said* this; but my heart heavily misgave me, that a more wretched prospect was before her!

I have often sate by my small, solitary parlour fire, and pondered over my misery and misfortunes till I have been almost frenzied with the violence of my emotions. Where was I to look for relief? What earthly remedy was there? Oh, my God! thou alone knowest what this poor heart of mine suffered in such times as these—not on my own account—but for those beloved beings whose ruin was implicated in mine!—What, however, was to be done at the present crisis, seeing, at Christmas, old L—— would come upon me for his interest, and my other creditors would insist on payment? A dewy mist came over my mind's eye whenever I attempted to look steadily forward into futurity. I had written several times to my kind and condescending friend Lord ——, who still continued abroad; but as I knew not to what part of the continent to direct, and the servants of his family pretended they knew not, I left my letters at his town-house, to be forwarded with his quarterly packages. I suppose my letters must have been opened and burnt, as little other than pestering, begging letters: for I never heard from him.

I had often heard from my father, that we had a sort of fiftieth cousin in London, a baronet of great wealth, who had married a distant relation of our family, on account solely of her beauty; but that he was one of the most haughty and arrogant men breathing—had in the most insolent manner disavowed the relationship, and treated my father, on one occasion, very contumeliously. Since I had been in London, and suffered from the pressure of accumulated misfortunes, the idea of applying to this man, and stating my circumstances, had presented itself a thousand times. As one is easily induced to believe what one *wishes* to be true, I could not help thinking, that surely he must in some degree relent, if informed of our utter misery: but my heart always failed when I took my pen in hand to write to him. I was at a loss for terms in which to state our distress most feelingly, and in a manner best calculated to arrest his attention. I had, however, after infinite reluctance, addressed a letter of this sort to his lady—who, I am sorry to say, shared all Sir ——'s *hauteur;* and received an answer from a fashionable watering-place, where her ladyship was spending the summer months. This is it:—

"Lady ——'s compliments to Dr. ——, and having received his letter, and given it her best consideration, is happy in being able to request Dr. ——'s acceptance of the enclosed—which, however, owing to Sir ——'s temporary embarrassment in pecuniary matters, she has had some difficulty in sending. She is, therefore, under the painful necessity of requesting Dr. —— to abstain from future applications of this sort. As to Dr. ——'s offer of his medical services to Lady ——'s family, when in town, Lady —— must beg to decline them, as the present physician has attended the family for years, and neither Lady —— nor Sir —— see any reason for changing.

"W——, to Dr. H——."

The enclosure was £10, which I was on the point of returning in a blank envelope, indignant at the cold and unfeeling letter which accompanied it; but I thought of my wife—and retained it.—To return. Recollecting the reception of this application, my heart was frozen at the idea of a similar one to Sir ——. To what, however, will not misfortune compel a man! I determined, at length, to call upon Sir ——; to insist upon being shown to him. I set out for this purpose, without telling my errand to my wife, who, as I have before stated, was confined to her bed, and in a very feeble state of health. It was a fine sunny morning, or rather noon; all that I passed seemed happy and contented; their spirits exhilirated by the genial weather, and sustained by the successful prosecution of business. *My* heart, however, was fluttering feebly beneath the pressure of anticipated disappointment. I was going in the spirit of a forlorn hope; with a dogged determination to make the *attempt;* to *know* that even this door was shut against me. My knees trembled beneath me as I entered —— Place, and saw elegant equipages standing at the doors of most of the gloomy, but magnificent houses, which seemed to frown off such insignificant and wretched individuals as myself. How could I ever muster resolution enough—I thought—to ascend the steps, and knock and ring in a sufficiently authoritative manner to be attended to? It is laughable to relate—but I could not refrain from stepping back into a by-street, and getting a small glass of some cordial spirit to give me a little firmness. Although I ventured again into —— Place, and found Sir ——'s house, on the opposite side, there was no one to be seen but some men-servants in undress, lolling indolently at the dining-room window, and making their remarks on passers by. I dreaded these fellows as much as their master!—It was no use, however, indulging in thoughts of that kind; so I crossed over, and lifting the huge knocker, made a tolerably decided application of it, and pulled the bell with what I fancied was a sudden and imperative jerk. The summons was instantly answered by the corpulent porter, who, seeing nothing but a plain pedestrian, kept hold of the door, and leaning against the door-post, asked me familiarly what were my commands.

"Is Sir —— at home?"

"He is," said the fellow, in a supercilious tone, "and what then, sir?"

"Can he be spoken to?"

"I think he can't for he wasn't home till six o'clock this morning from the Duchess of ——'s."

"Can I wait for him; and will you show him this card," said I tendering it to him—"and say I have particular business?"

"You couldn't look in again at four, could you?" enquired he, in the same tone of vulgar assurance.

"No, *sir;*" I replied, kindling with indignation, "my business is urgent,—I shall wait now."

He opened the door for me, and called to a servant to show me into the antechamber, saying, I must make up my mind to wait an hour or two, as Sir ——was then only just getting up, and would be an hour at least at his breakfast. He then left me, saying he would send my card up to his master. My spirits were somewhat ruffled and agitated with having forced my way so far through the frozen island of English aristocracy, and I sat down determined to wait patiently, till I was summoned up to Sir ——. I could hear several equipages dashing up to the door, and the visitors they brought were always shown up immediately. I rung the bell, and asked the servant why I was suffered to wait so long, as Sir —— was clearly visible now.

"'Pon honour, I don't know, indeed," said the fellow, coolly, shutting the door.

Boiling with indignation, I resumed my seat, then walked to and fro and then sat down again. Presently, I heard the French valet ordering the carriage to be in readiness in half an hour, I rung again; the same servant answered. He walked into the room, and standing near me, asked, in a familiar tone, what I wanted. "Show me up to Sir ——, for I shall wait no longer," said I, sternly.

"Can't, sir, indeed," he replied, with a smirk in his face.

"Has my card been shown to Sir ——?" I enquired, struggling to preserve my temper.

"I'll ask the porter if he gave it to Sir ——'s valet," he replied, and shut the door.

About ten minutes afterwards a carriage drove up: there was a bustle on the stairs, and in the hall. I heard a voice saying, "if Lord —— calls, tell him I am gone to his house;" in a few moments, the steps of the carriage were let down—the carriage drove off—and all was quiet. Once more I rung.

"Is Sir —— *now* at liberty?"

"Oh, he's gone out, sir," said the same servant, who had twice before answered my summons. The valet then entered, I asked him, with lips quivering with indignation, why I had not seen Sir ——? I was given to understand that my card had been shown the Baronet—that he said, "I've no time to attend to this person," or words to that effect—and had left his house without deigning to notice me! without uttering more than "Show me the door, Sir," to the servant, I took my departure, determined to perish rather than to make a second application. To anticipate my narrative a little, I may state, that ten years afterwards, Sir ——, who had become dreadfully addicted to gambling, lost all his property, and died suddenly of an apoplectic seizure, brought on by a paroxism of fury! Thus did Providence reward this selfish and unfeeling man.

I walked about the town for several hours, endeavouring to wear off that air of chagrin and sorrow which had been occasioned by my reception at Sir ——'s. Something *must* be done—and that immediately; for absolute starvation was now before us. I could think of but two other quarters where I could apply for a little temporary relief. I resolved to write a note to a very celebrated and successful brother practitioner, stating my necessities—acquainting him candidly with my whole circumstances, and soliciting the favour of a temporary accommodation of a few pounds—twenty was the sum I ventured to name. I wrote the letter at a coffee-house, and returned home. I spent all that evening in attempting to picture to myself the reception it would meet with. I tried to put myself in the place of him I had written to, and fancy the feelings with which I should receive a similar application. I need not, however, tantalize the reader. After nearly a fortnight's suspense, I received the following reply to my letter, I shall give it *verbatim*—after premising that the writer of it was at that time making about £10,000 or £12,000 a-year. "—— encloses a trifle *(one guinea)* to Dr——, wishes it may be serviceable, but must say, that when young men attempt a station in life without competent funds to meet it they cannot wonder if they fail.

"—— Square."

The other quarter was old Mr. G——, our Indian lodger. Though an eccentric and reserved man, shunning all company except that of a favourite black servant, I thought he might yet be liberal. As he was something of a character, I must be allowed a word or two about him, in passing. Though he occupied the whole of the first floor of my house, I seldom saw him. In truth, he was little else than a breakfast-fireside fixture, all day long, summer and winter,—protected from the intrusion of draughts and visitors, which equally annoyed him, by a huge folding screen. Swathed, mummy-like, in flannel and furs,—and solacing himself, alternately, with sleep, candle, and curry. He would sit for hours listening to a strange cluttering, (I know no word but this that can give any thing like an idea of it,) and most melancholy noise, uttered by his black grizzle headed servant—which I was given to understand was a species of Indian song—evincing his satisfaction by a face curiously puckered together, and small beady black eyes, glittering with the light of vertical suns: thus, I say, he would sit till both dropt asleep. He was very fond of this servant, (whose name was Clinquabor, or something of that sort,) and yet would kick and strike him with great violence on the slightest occasions.

Without being self-interested, I candidly acknowledge, that on receiving him into our house, and submitting to divers inconveniences from his strange foreign fancies, I had calculated on his proving a lucrative lodger. I was, however, very much mistaken. He uniformly discouraged my visits, by evincing the utmost restlessness and trepidation, whenever I approached. He was more tolerant to my wife's visits; but even to her could not help intimating, in pretty plain terms, on more occasions than one, that he had no idea of being "drugged to death by his landlord." On one occasion, however, his servant came stuttering with agitation into my room, that "his master wis to see—a—a doctor." I found him suffering from the heart-burn; submitted to his asthmatic querulousness for nearly half an hour; prescribed the usual remedies—and received in return—a guinea! No, a curious, ugly, and perfectly useless cane, with which (to enhance its value) he assured me he had once kept a large snake at bay! On another occasion, in return for similar professional assistance, he dismissed me without tendering me a fee, or any thing instead of it: but sent for my wife, in the course of the afternoon, and presented her with a hideous little cracked china teapot, the lid fastened with a dingy silver chain, and the lip of the spout bearing evident marks of an ancient compound fracture. He was singularly exact in every thing he did; he paid his rent, for instance, at ten o'clock in the morning every quarter day, as long as he lived with me.

Such was the man whose assistance I had at last determined to ask. With infinite hesitation and embarrassment, I stated my circumstances. He fidgeted sadly, till I concluded, almost inarticulate with agitation, by soliciting the loan of £300—offering, at the same time, to deposit with him the lease of my house, as a collateral security for what he might advance me.

"My God!" he exclaimed, falling back in his chair, and elevating his hands.

"Would you favour me with this sum, Mr. G——?" I enquired in a respectful tone.

"Do you take me, doctor, for a money-lender?"

"No, indeed, sir—but for an obliging friend as well as lodger—if you will allow me the liberty."

"Ha—you think me a rich old hunks come from India to fling his gold at every one he sees?"

"May I beg an answer, sir?" said I, after a pause.

"I cannot lend it you, doctor," he replied calmly, and bowed me to the door. I rushed down stairs almost gnashing my teeth with fury. The Deity seemed to have marked me with a curse. No one would listen to me!

The next day my rent was due; which, with Mr. G——'s rent, and the savings of excruciating parsimony, I contrived to meet. Then came old L——! Good God! what were my feelings when I saw him hobble up to my door. I civilly assured him, with a quaking heart, and ashy cheeks, but with the calmness of despair, that though it was not convenient to-day, he should have it on the morning of the next day. His greedy, black Jewish eye seemed to dart into my very soul. He retired apparently satisfied, and I almost fell down and blessed him on my knees, for his forbearance.

It was on Wednesday, two days after Christmas, that my dear Emily came down stairs after her confinement. Though pale and languid, she looked very lovely, and her fondness for me seemed redoubled. By way of honouring the season, and welcoming my dear wife down stairs, in spite of my fearful embarrassments, I expended my last guinea in providing a tolerably comfortable dinner, such as I had not sat down to for many a long week. I was determined to cast care aside for one day at least. The little table was set; the small but savoury roast beef was on—and I was just drawing the cork of a solitary bottle of port, when a heavy knock was heard at the street-door. I almost fainted at the sound—I knew not why. The servant answered the door, and two men entered the very parlour, holding a thin slip of parchment in their hands.

"In God's name, who are you? What brings you here?" while my wife sat silent, trembling, and looking very faint.

"Are you the gentleman that is named here?" enquired one of the men, in a civil and even compassionate tone—shewing me a *writ* issued against me by old L——, for the money I owed him! My poor wife saw my agitation, and the servant arrived just in time to preserve her from falling, for she had fainted. I had her carried to bed, and was permitted to wait by her bedside for a few moments; when, more dead than alive, I surrendered myself into the hands of the officers. I shall never forget that half hour if I were to live a thousand years. I felt as if I were stepping into my grave. My heart was utterly withered within me.

A few hours beheld me the sullen and despairing occupant of the back attic of a sponging-house near Leicester Square. The weather was bitterly inclement, yet no fire was allowed one who had not a farthing in his pocket. Had it not been for my poor Emily and my child, I think I should have put an end to my miserable existence; for to *prison I must go*—there was no miracle to save me—and what was to become of Emily and her little one? Jewels she had none to pawn—my books had nearly all disappeared—the scanty remnants of our furniture were not worth selling. Great God, I was nearly frantic when I thought of all this! I sate up the whole night without fire or candle, (for the brutal wretch in whose custody I was, suspected I had money with me and would not part with it,) till nearly seven o'clock in the morning, when I sunk, in a state of stupor, on the bed, and fell asleep. How long I continued so, I know not; for I was roused from a dreary dream by some one embracing me, and reiteratedly kissing my lips and forehead. It was my poor Emily! who, at the imminent risk of her life, having found out where I was, had hurried to bring me the news of release; for she had succeeded in obtaining the sum of £300 from our lodger, which I had in vain solicited. We returned home immediately. I hastened up stairs to our lodger to express the most enthusiastic thanks. He listened without interruption, and then coldly replied—"I would rather have your note of hand, *sir!*" Almost choked with mortification at receiving such an unfeeling rebuff, I gave him what he asked, expecting nothing more than that he would presently act the part of old L——. He did not, however, trouble me.

The few pounds above what was due to our relentless creditor L——, sufficed to meet some of our most pressing exigencies; but as they gradually disappeared, my prospects became darker than ever. The agitation and distress which recent occurrences had occasioned threw my wife into a low, nervous, hysterical state, which added to my misfortunes; and her little infant was sensibly pining away, as if in unconscious sympathy with its wretched parents. Where now

were we to look for help? We had a new creditor, to a serious amount, in Mr. G——, our lodger; whatever, therefore, might be the extremity of our distress, applying to *him* was out of the question; nay, it would be well if he proved a lenient creditor. The hateful annuity was again becoming due. It pressed like an incubus upon us. The form of old L——, flitted incessantly around us, as though it were a fiend, goading us on to destruction. I am sure I must often have raved frightfully in my sleep; for more than once I was woke by my wife clinging to me, and exclaiming in terrified accents, "Oh, hush, hush,——, don't, for Heaven's sake, say so!"

To add to my misery, she and the infant began to keep their bed; and our lodger, whose constitution had been long ago broken up, began to fail rapidly. I was in daily attendance, but, of course could not expect a fee, as I was already his debtor to a large amount. I had three patients who paid me regularly, but only one was a daily patient; and I was obliged to lay by, out of these small incomings, a cruel portion to meet my rent, and L——'s annuity. Surely my situation was now like that of the fabled scorpion, surrounded with fiery destruction! Every one in the house, and my few acquaintances without, expressed surprise and commiseration at my wretched appearance. I was worn almost to a skeleton; and when I looked suddenly in the glass, my worn and hollow looks startled me. My fears magnified the illness of my wife; the whole world seemed melting away from me into gloom and darkness.

My thoughts—I well recollect—seemed to be perpetually occupied with the dreary image of a desolate churchyard, wet and cold with the sleets and storms of winter. O, that I, and my wife and child, I have sometimes madly thought, were sleeping peacefully in our long home! Why were we brought into the world?—why did my nature prompt me to seek my present station in society?—merely for the purpose of reducing me to the dreadful condition of him of old, whose only consolation from his friends was—curse God and die! What had I done—what had our forefathers done—that Providence should thus come upon us, and thwart us in every thing we attempted?

Fortune, however, at last seemed tired of persecuting me; and my affairs took a favourable turn when most they needed it. On what small and insignificant things do our fates depend! Truly—

> "There is a tide in the affairs of men,
> Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune."

About eight o'clock one evening in the month of March, I was walking down the Haymarket, as usual, in a very disconsolate mood, in search of some shop where I might execute a small commission for my wife. The whole neighbourhood in front of the Opera-house door, exhibited the usual scene of uproar arising from clashing carriages and quarrelsome coachmen. I was standing at the box-door, and watching the company descend from their carriages, when a cry was heard from the very centre of the crowd of coaches—"Run for a doctor!" I rushed instantly to the spot, at the peril of my life, announcing my profession. I soon made my way up to the open door of a carriage, from which issued the moanings of a female, evidently in great agony. The accident was this: A young lady had suddenly stretched her arm through the open window of the carriage conveying her to the opera, for the purpose of pointing out to one of her companions a brilliant illumination of one of the opposite houses. At that instant their coachman, dashing forward to gain the open space opposite the box-door, shot with great velocity, and within a hairs-breadth distance, past a retiring carriage. The consequence was inevitable: A sudden shriek announced the dislocation of the young lady's shoulder, and the shocking laceration of the fore-arm and hand. When I arrived at the carriage door, the unfortunate sufferer was lying motionless in the arms of an elderly gentleman and a young lady, both of them, as might be expected, dreadfully agitated. It was the Earl of —— and his two daughters. Having entered the carriage, I placed my fair patient in such a position as would prevent her suffering more than was necessary from the motion of the carriage—dispatched one of the servants for Mr. Cline, to meet us on our arrival at home, and then the coachman was ordered to drive home as fast as possible. I need not say more, than that by Mr. Cline's skill the dislocation was quickly reduced, and the wounded hand and arm duly dressed. I then prescribed what medicines were necessary—received a check for ten guineas from the Earl, accompanied with fervent thanks for my prompt attentions, and was requested to call as early as possible the next morning.

As soon as I had left his lordship's door, I shot homeward like an arrow. My good fortune, (truly it is an ill wind that blows *nobody* any good,) was almost too much for me. I could scarce repress the violence of my emotions, but felt a continual inclination to relieve myself, by singing, shouting, or committing some other such extravagance. I arrived at home in a very few minutes, and rushed breathless up stairs, joy glittering in my eyes, to communicate my good fortune to my wife, and congratulate ourselves that the door of professional success was at last opened to us. How tenderly she tried to calm my excitement, and moderate my expectations, without at the same time depressing my spirits! I did certainly feel somewhat damped, when I recollected the little incident of introduction to Sir William ——, and its abrupt and unexpected termination. This, however, differed from that—and the event proved that my expectations were not ill founded.

I continued in constant attendance on my fair patient, who was really a very lovely girl; and by my unremitting and anxious attentions, so conciliated the favour of the Earl, and the rest of his family, that the countess, who had long been an invalid, was committed to my care, jointly with that of the family physician. I need hardly say, that my poor services were most nobly remunerated; and more than this—having succeeded in securing the confidence of the family, it was not many weeks before I had the honour of visiting one or two other families of high rank; and I felt conscious that I was laying the foundation of a fashionable and lucrative practice. With joy unutterable, I contrived to be ready for our half-yearly tormentor, old L——; and somewhat surprised him, by asking with an easy air, when he wished for a return of his principal. Of course, he was not desirous of losing such interest as I was paying!

I had seen too much of the bitterness of adversity, to suffer the dawn of good fortune to elate me into too great confidence. I now husbanded my resources with rigorous economy——and had, in return the inexpressible satisfaction of being able to pay my way, and stand fair with *all* my creditors. My beloved Emily appeared in that society which she was born to ornament; and we numbered several families of high respectability among our visiting friends. As is usual, whenever accident threw me in the way of those who formerly scowled upon me contemptuously, I was received with an excess of civility. The very physician who sent me the munificent donation of a guinea, I met in consultation, and made his checks tingle, by returning him the *loan* he had advanced me!

In four years' time from the occurrence at the Haymarket, I contrived to repay old L—— his £3000, (though he did not live a month after signing the receipt,) and thus escaped for ever from the fangs of the money-lenders. A word or two, also, about our Indian lodger. He died about eighteen months after the accident I have been relating. His sole heir was a young lieutenant in the navy; and very much to my surprise and gratification, in a codicil to old Mr. G——'s will, I was left a legacy of £2000, including the £300 he had lent me, saying it was some return for the many attentions he had received from us, since he had been our lodger, and as a mark of his approbation of the honourable and virtuous principles by which, he said, he had always perceived our conduct to be actuated.

Twelve years from this period, my income amounted to between £3000 and £4000 a year; and as my family was increasing, I thought my means warranted a more extensive establishment. I therefore removed into a large and elegant house, and set up my carriage. The recollection of past times has taught me at least one useful lesson—whether my life be long or short—to bear success with moderation, and never to turn a deaf ear to applications from the younger and less successful members of my profession.

> "Sweet are the uses of adversity;
> Which, like a toad, ugly and venomous,
> Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

MR. GALT'S LIFE OF LORD BYRON.

The Life of Lord Byron. By John Galt. 12mo. pp. 372. London, 1830. Colburn and Bentley.

A more original, profound, or correct view of a character as interesting as it was intricate,—one whose seeming contradictions were at once such materials for theories, and such temptations to erect them,—was never taken than in the volume before us. Mr. Galt's plan is a history of Lord Byron's mind rather than of himself; a condensation of events and effects according as they bore upon works whose attraction was at once derived from, and afterwards reflected on their author. Few persons have been more unfortunate in those circumstances over which they have no control, such as birth, fortune, education, &c. than Byron. No distinctions take a stronger hold on the mind than hereditary ones. We have not time to discuss the justice of the pride of birth; but it is a pride so sanctified by time, as to seem rather innate than acquired,—one administered to by the legends told for the amusement, and the annals read for the information, of youth; one to which the respect conceded seems of a higher order than that given to riches, inasmuch as it is more disinterested. Pride of birth is one of the most influential of those feelings which go towards forming a character. It was one of the keys to Byron. Secondly, poverty: it is easy to declaim philosophically on the folly of luxury, the needlessness of many wants and certain appliances; but while wealth commands the consideration no one can deny it does in our present state of society, the absence of that wealth will be keenly felt, not for its luxury, but for its power: the privations of poverty are nothing to its mortifications. There can be no doubt, that the loss of what his family pride held to be necessary to its dignity, was another great source of that bitterness, and that affectation of reserve, which, under the name of dignity, was some wounded feeling shrinking into its own shadow: we deceive no one so much as we deceive ourselves. Thirdly, temper: and every page of Mr. Galt's work bears us out in our long-established belief of the great influence Lord Byron's bad temper exercised upon his life. Now, we must own, good temper is one of those qualities we like rather than either respect or admire,—a compound usually the result of cowardice and indolence, or, at best, of animal spirits: it is very difficult for a person of warm affections and vivid imagination, which so exaggerates the impressions it receives, to be a good temper, whose grand secret is, after all, indifference. But we draw a wide distinction between one of those worrying, peevish, dissatisfied dispositions, whose miseries are as petty as the mind which makes them, and indulgence in which is a positive enjoyment to the proprietor; and one whose sensibility is too keenly awakened, and whose feverish anxiety for the opinion it covets, keeps up that state of morbid excitement which must have a re-action of gloom. We had better expressed our meaning by calling Byron's an over-susceptible temper. But these three, pride of birth, poverty, and a sensitive temper, were the great influences which made his character. Of the judgments formed of that character, we shall only observe, people are desirous of seeing a man of genius; they are disappointed if he is like themselves, and discontented if he is not. The faults we indulge in ourselves we least easily excuse in others, and vanity is one of those faults too general to be generally pardoned. Personally acquainted with Lord Byron, a man of genius himself, Galt, like Moore, brings much of previous qualification to the task; and it is curious to observe how little they have trenched on each other's ground. Galt's is a literary and philosophic view: no one can possess this volume without having a just idea of the man and the poet, an analysis of character as accurate as it is original, and a condensation of all the events of a very varied life. It is valuable as in itself a compendium of his history; but it is invaluable as a commentary on all that have gone before—it is a finished cabinet picture. We would not, however, lose one preceding fragment relating to an individual whose history affords such great insight into human nature, and whose intrinsic interest will survive all the little gossipings and small disputes of the hour. The subject is too exciting not to lead to the expression of some sentiments of our own; but we do both the public and Mr. Galt injustice, in delaying to enter on pages so replete with charm and information. The following admirable delineation of genius shows the true feelings with which the author enters on his work.

"Genius of every kind belongs to some innate temperament; it does not necessarily imply a particular bent, because that may possibly be the effect of circumstances; but without question, the peculiar quality is inborn, and particular to the individual. All hear and see much alike: but there is an undefinable though wide difference between the ear of the musician, or the eye of the painter, compared with the hearing organs of ordinary men; and it is in something like that difference in which genius consists. Genius is, however, an ingredient of mind more easily described by its effects than by its qualities. It is as the fragrance, independent of the freshness and complexion of the rose; as the light on the cloud; as the bloom on the cheek of beauty, of which the possessor is unconscious until the charm has been seen by its influence on others; it is the internal golden flame of the opal; a something which may be abstracted from the thing in which it appears, without changing the quality of its substance, its form, or its affinities."

How just again, are the remarks on the influence of scenery!—

"He was, undoubtedly, delicately susceptible of impressions from the beauties of nature, for he retained recollections of the scenes which interested his childish wonder, fresh and glowing to his latest days; nor have there been wanting plausible theories to ascribe the formation of his poetical character to the contemplation of those romantic scenes. But, whoever has attended to the influential causes of character, will reject such theories as shallow, and betraying great ignorance of human nature.

* * *

"The views of the Malvern hills recalled to his memory his enjoyments amidst the wilder scenery of Aberdeenshire. The recollections were reimpressed on his heart and interwoven with his strengthened feelings. But a boy gazing with emotion on the hills at sunset, because they remind him of the mountains where he passed his childhood, is no proof that he is already in heart and imagination a poet. To suppose so, is to mistake the materials for the building. The delight of Byron in contemplating the Malvern hills was not because they resembled the scenery of Lochynagar, but because they awoke trains of thought and fancy, associated with recollections of that scenery. The poesy of the feeling lay not in the beauty of the objects, but in the moral effect of the traditions, to which these objects served as talismans of the memory. The scene at sunset reminded him of the Highlands: but it was those reminiscences which similar scenes recalled that constituted the impulse, which gave life and elevation to his reflections. There is not more poesy in the sight of mountains than of plains; it is the local associations that throw enchantment over all scenes, and resemblance that awakens them, binding them to new connexions: nor does this admit of much controversy; for mountainous regions, however favourable to musical feeling, are but little to poetical. The Welsh have no eminent bard; the Swiss have no renown as poets; nor are the mountainous regions of Greece, or of the Appennines, celebrated for poetry. The Highlands of Scotland, save the equivocal bastardy of Ossian, have produced no poet of any fame, and yet mountainous countries abound in local legends, which would seem to be at variance with this opinion, were it not certain, though I cannot explain the cause, that local poetry, like local language, or local melody, is, in proportion to the interest it awakens among the local inhabitants, weak and ineffectual in its influence on the sentiments of the general world. The 'Rans de Vaches,' the most celebrated of all local airs, is tame and common-place,—unmelodious, to all ears but those of the Swiss' forlorn in a foreign land.'"

The following observation on Byron's feeling of love are as just as they are original.

"It is singular, and I am not aware it has been before noticed, that, with all his tender and impassioned apostrophes to beauty and love, Byron has in no instance, not even in the freest passages of *Don Juan*, associated either the one or the other with sensual images. The extravagance of Shakspeare's Juliet, when she speaks of Romeo being cut after death into stars, that all the world may be in love with night, is flame and ecstasy compared to the icy metaphysical glitter of Byron's amorous allusions. The verses beginning with

> 'She walks in beauty like the light
> Of eastern climes and starry skies,'

is a perfect example of what I have conceived of his bodiless admiration of beauty and objectless enthusiasm of love. The sentiment itself is unquestionably in the highest mood of the intellectual sense of beauty; the simile is, however, any thing but such an image as the beauty of woman would suggest. It is only the remembrance of some impression or imagination of the loveliness of a twilight applied to an object that awakened the same abstract general idea of beauty. The fancy which could conceive in its passion the charms of a female to be like the glow of the evening, or the general effect of the midnight stars, must have been enamoured of some beautiful abstraction, rather than aught of flesh and blood. Poets and lovers have compared the complexion of their mistresses to the hues of the morning or of the evening, and their eyes to the dew-drops and the stars; but it has no place in the feelings of man to think of female charms in the sense of admiration which the beauties of the morning or evening awaken. It is to make the simile the principal. Perhaps, however, it may be as well to defer the criticism to which this peculiar characteristic of Byron's amatory effusions give rise, until we shall come to estimate his general powers as a poet. There is upon the subject of love, no doubt, much beautiful composition throughout his works, but not one line in all the thousands which shows a sexual *feeling* of female attraction—all is vague and passionless, save in the delicious rhythm of the verse."

We much like the ensuing.

"The supposition that poets must be dreamers, because there is often much dreaminess in poesy, is a mere hypothesis. Of all the professors of metaphysical discernment, poets require the finest tact; and contemplation is with them a sign of inward abstract reflection, more than of any process of mind by which resemblance is traced, and associations wakened. There is no account of any great poet whose genius was of that dreamy cartilaginous kind which hath its being in haze, and draws its nourishment from lights and shadows; which ponders over the mysteries of trees, and interprets the oracles of babbling waters. They have all been men—worldly men, different only from others in reasoning more by feeling than induction. Directed by impulse, in a greater degree than other men, poets are apt to be betrayed into actions which make them singular, as compared by those who are less imaginative; but the effects of earnestness should never be confounded with the qualities of talent."

We have chosen these more abstract remarks to show the style and spirit of Mr. Galt's biography. We shall now turn to such incidents as are either new in themselves, or possess some new inference drawn by the writer.

His Childhood.—"His schoolfellows, many of whom are alive, still recollect him as a lively, warm-hearted, and high-spirited boy, passionate and resentful, but withal affectionate and companionable: this, however, is an opinion given of him after he had become celebrated; for a very different impression has unquestionably remained among some, who carry their recollections back to his childhood. By them he has been described as a malignant imp; was often spoken of for his pranks by the worthy housewives of the neighbourhood as "Mrs. Byron's crockit deevil;" and generally disliked for the deep vindictive anger he retained against those with whom he happened to quarrel."

It is remarkable that, though the faults of our childhood are comparatively slight and unimportant, yet they are always those most deeply remembered and brought against us in after life. The next anecdote we select as one to redeem many darker specks.

"Towards his nurse he evinced uncommon affection, which he cherished as long as she lived. He presented her with his watch, the first he possessed, and also a full-length miniature of himself, when he was only between seven and eight years old, representing him with a profusion of curling locks, and in his hands a bow and arrow. The sister of this woman had been his first nurse; and after he had left Scotland he wrote to her, in a spirit which betokened a gentle and sincere heart, informing her with much joy of a circumstance highly important to himself. It was to tell her that at last he had got his foot so far restored as to be able to put on a common boot, an event which he was sure would give her great pleasure: to himself it is difficult to imagine any incident which could have been more gratifying."

Much has been said of the weakness of thus dwelling on a personal deformity; but we do think only those who suffer under such a misfortune can tell its bitterness. The wrong and falsehood of such a style of poetical criticism as the *Edinburgh Review* indulged in, is most justly reprobated. We cannot but observe how completely almost all its predictions of poetical fame have been falsified, and how all our great English poets have made their way in defiance of criticism as flippant as unjust. Byron, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Montgomery, alike had in their onset to contend with the same bitter and frivolous attacks. These are now standard names in our literature: but where there is no feeling, there can be no appreciation.

"He was then just come of age, or about to be so; and one of his objects in this visit to the metropolis was, to take his seat in the House of Lords before going abroad; but, in advancing to this proud distinction, so soothing to the self-importance of youth, he was destined to suffer a mortification which probably wounded him as deeply as the sarcasms of the *Edinburgh Review*. Before the meeting of Parliament he wrote to his relation and guardian, the Earl of *Carlisle*, to remind him that he should be of age at the commencement of the session, in the natural hope that his lordship would make an offer to introduce him to the House; but he was disappointed. He only received a formal reply, acquainting him with the technical mode of proceeding, and the etiquette to be observed on such occasions. It is therefore not wonderful that he should have resented such treatment; and he avenged it by those lines in his satire, for which he afterwards expressed his regret in the third canto of *Childe Harold*. Deserted by his guardian at a crisis so interesting, he was prevented for some time from taking his seat in Parliament, being obliged to procure affidavits in proof of his grandfather's marriage with Miss Trevannion, which having taken place in a private chapel at Carhais, no regular certificate of the ceremony could be produced. At length, all the necessary evidence having been obtained, on the 13th of March, 1809, he presented himself in the House of Lords alone,—a proceeding consonant to his character, for he was not so friendless nor unknown, but that he might have procured some peer to have gone with him. It however served to make his introduction remarkable. On entering the House, he is described to have appeared abashed and pale. He passed the woolsack without looking round, and advanced to the table where the proper officer was attending to administer the oaths. When he had gone through them, the chancellor quitted his seat, and went towards him with a smile, putting out his hand in a friendly manner to welcome him; but he made a stiff bow, and only touched with the tip of his fingers the chancellor's hand, who immediately returned to his seat. Such is the account given of this important incident by Mr. *Dallas*, who went with him to the bar; but a characteristic circumstance is wanting. When Lord Eldon advanced with the cordiality described, he expressed with becoming courtesy his regret that the rules of the House had obliged him to call for the evidence of his grandfather's marriage. 'Your lordship has done your duty, and no more,' was the cold reply, in the words of Tom Thumb, and which probably was the

cause of the marked manner of the chancellor's cool return to his seat.

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"Among other remarkable characters pointed out to us, was a nobleman in the pit, actually under the ban of outlawry for murder. I have often wondered if the incident had any effect on the creation of *Lara;* for we know not in what small germs the conceptions of genius originate."

The following is an example (and there are many others) of the great care with which Mr. Galt observed minute facts with reference to their poetical influence on Lord Byron's mind.

"But the most important occurrence of that evening arose from a delicate observance of etiquette on the part of the ambassador. After carrying us to his box, which was close to that of the royal family, in order that we might see the members of it properly, he retired with Lord Byron to another box, an inflection of manners to propriety in the best possible taste—for the ambassador was doubtless aware that his lordship's rank would be known to the audience, and I conceive that this little arrangement was adopted to make his person also known, by shewing him with distinction apart from the other strangers. When the performance was over, Mr. Hill came down with Lord Byron to the gate of the upper town, where his lordship, as we were taking leave, thanked him with more elocution than was precisely requisite. The style and formality of the speech amused Mr. Hobhouse, as well as others; and, when the minister retired, he began to rally his lordship on the subject. But Byron really fancied that he had acquitted himself with grace and dignity, and took the jocularity of his friend amiss—a little banter ensued—the poet became petulant, and Mr. Hobhouse walked on; while Byron, on account of his lameness, and the roughness of the pavement, took hold of my arm, appealing to me, if he could have said less, after the kind and hospitable treatment we had all received. Of course, though I thought pretty much as Mr. Hobhouse did, I could not do otherwise than civilly assent, especially as his lordship's comfort, at the moment, seemed in some degree dependent on being confirmed in the good opinion he was desirous to entertain of his own courtesy. From that night I evidently rose in his good graces; and, as he was almost agreeable and interesting when familiar, it was worth my while to advance, but by cautious circumvallations, into his intimacy; for his uncertain temper made his favour precarious. The next morning, either owing to the relaxation of his abstinence, which he could not probably avoid amidst the good things of the ambassadorial table; or, what was, perhaps, less questionable, some regret for his petulance towards his friend, he was indisposed, and did not make his appearance till late in the evening. I rather suspect, though there was no evidence of the fact, that Hobhouse received any concession which he may have made with indulgence; for he remarked to me, in a tone that implied forbearance and generosity of regard, that it was necessary to humour him like a child. But, in whatever manner the reconciliation was accomplished, the passengers partook of the blessings of the peace. Byron, during the following day, as we were sailing along the picturesque shores of Sicily, was in the highest spirits; overflowing with glee, and sparkling with quaint sentences. The champagne was uncorked and in the finest condition. Having landed the mail at Gegenti, we stretched over to Malta, where we arrived about noon next day—all the passengers, except Orestes and Pylades, being eager to land, went on shore with the captain. They remained for a reason—which an accidental expression of Byron let out—much to my secret amusement; for I was aware they would be disappointed, and the anticipation was relishing. They expected—at least he did—a salute from the batteries, and sent ashore notice to Sir Alexander Ball, the governor, of his arrival; but the guns were sulky, and evinced no respect of persons; so that late in the afternoon, about the heel of the evening, the two magnates were obliged to come on shore, and slip into the city unnoticed and unknown. At this time Malta was in great prosperity. Her commerce was flourishing; and the goodly clusters of its profits hung ripe and rich at every door. The merchants were truly hospitable, and few more so than Mr. Chabot. As I had letters to him, he invited me to dinner, along with several other friends previously engaged. In the cool of the evening, as we were sitting at our wine, Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse were announced. His lordship was in better spirits than I had ever seen him. His appearance shewed, as he entered the room, that they had met with some adventure, and he chuckled with an inward sense of enjoyment, not altogether without spleen—a kind of malicious satisfaction—as his companion recounted, with all becoming gravity, their woes and sufferings, as an apology for begging a bed and morsel for the night. God forgive me! but I partook of Byron's levity at the idea of personages so consequential wandering destitute in the streets, seeking for lodgings as it were from door to door, and rejected at all. Next day, however, they were accommodated by the governor with an agreeable house in the upper part of Valetta; and his lordship, as soon as they were domiciled, began to take lessons in Arabic from a monk—I believe one of the librarians of the public library. His whole time was not, however, devoted to study; for he formed an acquaintance with Mrs. Spencer Smith, the lady of the gentleman of that name, who had been our resident minister at Constantinople: he affected a passion for her; but it was only Platonic. She, however, beguiled him of his valuable yellow diamond-ring. She is the Florence of Childe Harold, and merited the poetical embalmment, or rather the amber immortalization she possesses there—being herself a heroine. There was no exaggeration in saying that many incidents of her life would appear improbable in fiction. Her adventures with the Marquess de Salvo form one of the prettiest romances in the Italian language; every thing in her destiny was touched with adventure: nor was it the least of her claims to sympathy that she had incurred the splendid enmity of Napoleon."

There is much probability in the assertion, that Ali Pasha was the model which suggested many of the most remarkable features in his heroes.

Of all Lord Byron's works, Mr. Galt gives the preference to those which treat of Greece: this we think admits of more than a query; but as it is a mere point of taste, taste is too debatable ground for us now to enter on. The whole history of these travels, however, quite supports Mr. Galt's assertion, that the scenes through which Byron past, and the various incidents and individuals he encountered, are the canvass he afterwards covered, and the figures he introduced, and that his poetry was never so great as when founded on actual occurrence, reality being at once his material and his inspiration. This is true, for it is the part of genius to apply more than to invent, to exhaust this world rather than to imagine new. Our belief of how much he felt the straitness of circumstances is confirmed by the following:—

"I thought he was in that short space something changed, and not with improvement. Towards Mr. Hobhouse he seemed less cordial, and was altogether, I should say, having no better phrase to express what I would describe, more of a captain grand than improved in his manners, and more disposed to hold his own opinion than I had ever before observed in him. I was particularly struck with this at dinner, on the day after my arrival. We dined together with a large party at the consul's; and he seemed inclined to exact a deference to his dogmas, that was more lordly than philosophical. One of the naval officers present, I think the captain of the Salsette, felt, as well as others, this over-weening, and announced a contrary opinion on some question connected with the politics of the late Mr. Pitt with so much firm good sense, that Lord Byron was perceptibly rebuked by it, and became reserved, as if he deemed that sullenness enhanced dignity. I never in the whole course of my acquaintance saw him kithe so unfavourably as he did on that occasion. In the course of the evening, however, he condescended to thaw, and before the party broke up, his austerity began to leaf, and hide its thorns under the influence of a relenting temperament. It was, however, too evident—at least it was so to me—that without intending wrong, or any offence, the unchecked humour of his temper was, by its caprices, calculated to prevent him ever gaining that regard to which his talents and freer moods, independently of his rank, ought to have entitled him. Such men become objects of solicitude, but never of esteem. I was also on this occasion struck with another new phase in his character; he seemed to be actuated by no purpose—he spoke no more of passing 'beyond Aurora and the Ganges,' but seemed disposed to let the current of chances carry him as it might. If he had any specific object in view, it was something that made him hesitate between going home and returning to Athens when he should have reached Constantinople, now became the ultimate goal of his intended travels. To what cause this sudden and singular change, both in demeanour and design, was owing, I was on the point of saying, it would be fruitless to conjecture; but a letter to his mother, written a few days before my arrival at Smyrna, throws some light on the scources of his unsatisfied state. He appears by it to have been disappointed of letters and remittances from his agent, and says: 'When I arrive at Constantinople, I shall determine whether to proceed into Persia or return—which latter I do not wish if I can avoid it. But I have no intelligence from Mr. H., and but one letter from yourself. I shall stand in need of remittances, whether I proceed or return. I have written to him repeatedly, that he may not plead ignorance of my situation for neglect.' Here is sufficient evidence that the cause of the undertermined state of his mind, which struck me so forcibly, was owing to the incertitude of his affairs at home; and it is easy to conceive that the false dignity he assumed, and which seemed so like arrogance, was the natural effect of the anxiety and embarrassment he suffered, and of the apprehension of a person of his rank being, on account of his remittances, exposed to require assistance among strangers."

We suspect the word *kithe* will puzzle some of Mr. Galt's southern readers. Another anecdote confirms, if confirmation were needed, how much his genius was struck by a passing circumstance:—

"While the Salsette lay off the Dardanelles, Lord Byron saw the body of a man who had been executed by being cast into the sea, flouting on the stream, moving to and fro with the tumbling of the water, which gave to his arms the effect of scaring away several sea-fowl that were hovering to devour. This incident he has strikingly depicted in 'The Bride of Abydos.'"

Again:—"Both the Fare-thee-well, and the Anathema on Mrs. Charlemont, are splendid corroborations of the metaphysical fact which it is the main object of this work to illustrate, namely, that Byron was only original and truly great when he wrote from the dictates of his own breast, and described from the suggestions of things he had seen. When his imagination found not in his subject uses for the materials of his experience, and opportunities to embody them, it seemed to be no longer the same high and mysterious faculty that so ruled the tides of the feelings of others. He then appeared a more ordinary poet—a skilful verse-maker. The necromancy which held the reader spell-bound became ineffectual; and the charm and the glory which interested so intensely, and shone so radiantly on his configurations from realities, all failed and faded: for his genius dealt not with airy fancies, but had its power and dominion amidst the living and the local of the actual world."

The inference that in *Manfred* there was no intention of implying that the hero had a guilty passion for his sister is too ingeniously drawn to be omitted.

"There has always been, from the first publication of *Manfred*, a strange misapprehension with respect to it in the public mind. The whole poem has been misunderstood, and the odious supposition that ascribes the fearful mystery and remorse of the hero to a foul passion for his sister, is probably one of those coarse imaginations which have grown out of the calumnies and accusations heaped upon the author. How can it have happened that none of the critics have noticed that the story is derived from the human sacrifice supposed to have been in use among the students of the black art?"

Here is quoted a beautiful fragment, of which we subjoin only the last lines, for connexion:—

"I loved her and—destroy'd her——
Witch. With thy hand?
Manfred.
Not with my hand, but heart, which broke her heart.
It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have shed
Blood, but not hers, and yet her blood was shed—
I saw, and could not stanch it.'

There is in this little scene, perhaps, the deepest pathos ever expressed; but it is not of its beauty that I am treating; my object in noticing it here is, that it may be considered in connexion with that where Manfred appears with his insatiate thirst of knowledge, and manacled with guilt. It indicates that his sister, Astarte, had been self-sacrificed in the pursuit of their magical knowledge. Human sacrifices were supposed to be among the initate propitiations of the demons that have their purposes in magic—as well as compacts signed with the blood of the self-sold. There was also a dark Egyptian art, of which the knowledge and the efficacy could only be obtained by the novitius procuring a voluntary victim—the dearest object to himself, and to whom he also was the dearest; and the primary spring of Byron's tragedy lies, I conceive, in a sacrifice of that kind having been performed, without obtaining that happiness which the votary expected would be found in the knowledge and power purchased at such a price. His sister was sacrificed in vain."

But surely these arguments are overthrown by one line in Manfred's own speech:—

"Though it were
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved."

We must confess, that the Italian confederacy for the *Liberal* places Mr. Hunt, in a meaner point of view, to our judgement than Mr. Galt seems to consider him—in three pithy sentences the whole is well characterised.

"Vanity was mingled with their golden dreams. Lord Byron mistook Hunt's political notoriety for literary reputation, and Mr. Hunt thought it was a fine thing to be chum and partner with so renowned a lord. After all, however, the worst which can be said of it is, that, formed in weakness it could produce only vexation."

If any one doubts the justice of the following, they have only to read the pages whose author states such conviction.

"I have never been able to understand why it has been so often supposed that Lord Byron was actuated in the composition of his different works by any other motive than enjoyment; perhaps no poet had ever less of an ulterior purpose in his mind during the fits of inspiration (for the epithet may be applied correctly to him and to the moods in which he was accustomed to write), than this singular and impassioned man. Those who imagine that he had any intention to impair the reverence due to religion, or to weaken the hinges of moral action, give him credit for far more design and prospective purpose than he possessed. They could have known nothing of the man; the main defect of whose character, in relation to every thing, was in having too little of the element or principle of purpose. He was a thing of impulses; and to judge of what he either said or did, as the results of predetermination, was not only to do the harshest injustice, but to shew a total ignorance of his character. His whole fault, the darkest course of those flights and deviations from propriety which have drawn upon him the severest animadversion, lay in the unbridled state of his impulses. He felt, but never reasoned.

* * *

"One day, as a friend of mine was conversing with his lordship at Casa Saluzzi, on the moral impressions of magnificent scenery, he happened to remark, that he thought the view of the Alps in the evening, from Turin, the sublimest scene he had ever beheld. 'It is impossible,' said he, 'at such a time, when all the west is golden and glowing behind them, to contemplate such vast masses of the Deity without being awed into rest, and forgetting such things as man and his follies.' Hunt,' said his lordship, smiling, 'has no perception of the sublimity of alpine scenery: he calls a mountain a great imposter.'"

Mr. Galt enters into less detail of opinion respecting *Don Juan* than any other work. We think a curious and interesting parellel might be drawn between that and the Pilgrimage: Don Juan is Childe Harold unidealised; he goes over the same ground, but in how different a spirit! What once excited enthusiasm now gives scope for ridicule—sarcasms take the place of allusions; and if ever man felt that "the glory was departed from the earth," Lord Byron was the man.

SONG OF MINA'S SOLDIERS.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

From the first number of "Peninsular Melodies."

We heard thy name, O Mina!
Far through our hills it rang;
A sound more strong than tempests,
More deep than armourer's clang:
The peasant left his vineyard,
The shepherd grasp'd the spear;
We heard thy name, O Mina!
The mountain's bands are here.

As eagles to the day-spring,
As torrents to the sea,
From every dark Sierra,
So rushed our hearts to thee.
Thy spirit is our banner,
Thine eye our beacon-sign,
Thy name our trumpet, Mina!
The mountain bands are thine.

Varieties.

Irish Mode of Challenging a Jury.—An Irish officer, not very conversant in law terms, was lately tried for an assault. As the jury were coming to be sworn, the Judge addressing the Major, told him that if there were any amongst them to whom he had any objection, that was the time to challenge them. "I thank your Lordship," said the gallant prisoner, "but, with your Lordship's permission, I'll defer the ceremony till after my trial; and if they don't acquit me, by the Piper of Leinster I'll *challenge* every mother's son of them, and have them out too."

A Double Delivery.—At a village near Cambridge, a lady, who keeps a post-office, is likewise a midwife in very great practice. A Cantabrigian passing that way, wrote with a diamond, on the front pane of the glass, "Ladies and letters safely *deliver'd*."

Reason for Getting Drunk.—A Scotchman was charged with being drunk and disorderly—"what do you say to the charge?" inquired Mr. Marriott. "Why, I have a good deal to say, your Worship," replied the Scotchman; "My landlady abused me."—Mr. Marriott asked him what his landlady had to do with it?—"I'll tell your Worship, only give me time," said the defendant, "and make it appear clear that it is not my fault. My landlady called me a *Scotch brute*—so I went and got drunk directly."

Another Reason.—A sawyer was charged with being drunk in the streets. "Well," said the Magistrate, "what have you got to say for yourself?"—"Why, your Worship, I unfortunately have got a troublesome wife. On Sunday morning she began to jaw me, so, in order to get out of her way I went out, and I acknowledge that the thought of her annoyance made me take a drop extra."

Charles's Plum.—On the Quay de la Greve, at Paris, a fruiterer suspended a bullet from a tri-coloured riband, with this inscription—"*Prune de Monsieur.*"

Accommodation.—In Ireland, at the election of 1826, a challenge having passed between two of the candidates, the Sheriff, with genuine Milesian courtesy and gentlemanly feeling, adjourned the election to enable the candidates to settle the affair. We are not quite sure that the Sheriff did not second one of the candidates; but the duel was fought, and, neither party having been wounded, the business of the election was resumed, as if nothing out of the usual way had happened.

Seven Sovereigns to see One!—So great was the demand for beds in Windsor on Saturday se'nnight, in consequence of the vast influx of visitors into that town, that four guineas were offered for two beds, at a second-rate inn, but refused—the proprietor *modestly* requiring no less a sum than *seven sovereigns!*

Cobbett's Youth and Honesty.—Some of "Old Grub's" most specious contemporaries affect to be both astonished and amused by his sophism, that "to believe oneself *young* is as good as being so." The hypothesis is new to Cobbett only in its application, for it has long been his favourite doctrine, that "to believe oneself *honest* is as good as being so"—aye, and better too—a conviction which was no doubt fully impressed upon him when he diddled his great gull, Burdett, out of the few thousands that the political mountebank borrowed of his "patriot" Jack Pudding.

Why is a fresh gathered filbert like the free-trade member for Liverpool?—Because the Husk-is-on.

A Maiden's Consolation.—A village pastor was examining his parishioners in their catechism. The first question in the Heidelberg catechism is this—"What is the only consolation in life and death?" A young girl, to whom the pastor put this question, laughed and would not answer. The priest insisted: "Well then," said she at length, "if I must tell you, it is the young shoemaker who lives in the Rue Aqueaux."—*Family Album.*

The following anecdote is now the subject of general conversation in high circles: it is said that when the gallant Lord Exmouth was in Paris some time ago, he visited the King of France, who entered into a long conversation with him on the political state of the country, and asked his opinion on the subject. "Sire," said the gallant Lord, "you will excuse the bluntness of a British sailor; but if I must tell you my opinion, it is, that if your Majesty does not change your tack, I shall see you, before this day three months, riding about London in a hackney coach."

From a Tombstone in Ballyporeen Churchyard.

Here at length I repose—
And my spirit at aise is—
With the tips of my toes
And the point of my nose
Turn'd up to the roots of the daisies.

A faithful Copy of a Paper written by a poor wretch in the County Clare, which was found pinned on his breast, for he actually put his unhappy resolve into execution, just in the manner he himself mentions. On the superscription was written, "This will be found after mee deth, if thea looks sharp.—*Dennis Toole.*"

As I noe the peeple that has fownd my carkase, is curous about the manner of my deth, which is somethin out of the way, I'll giv 'em all the satisfackshon in my power about itt, as I noe the hole matter from beginnin to end, and it may be reported, for the world is greatly given to slander, that I died by axident, but that's a misteak, for I throw'd meeself into the river on Friday night at half past tin, and so drownded meeself of my own ackord.

Itt may seem od for a poor man such as mee, to put himself out of the wurld, as its onely your grate peeple that takes such figaries, but times is so bad, we must eder doo itt or starve, so that to be sure itt'll groe a fashun among us as well as the rich, and in my mind wee have the best rite to do itt.

The fact is I am runed in boddy and goods, for my karkase is worne outt wid goin outt at nites wid Kaptin Rock to get mansipation, the divvel fetch it, and mee substance is all tuk away bekaze of the Cathlic rint, which fader M'Donogh made mee pay—and now Counsiller O'Connell has got mansipated, he has run away to England, and

left us worse off than ivver to shift for owrsefs. Mee wyfe too is a Krum and had wumman; if I waulk after mee deth, I'll hant her and Dan O'Connell.

Mi substanse is but small—there may bee somethin less than haf a penny in my britesies pokkit. I giv it to little Dolly Maginnis at farmer Digby's. Peeple sed, and soe did my wyfe, that I wuz too kind wid mee, but as I hope to live, I declare wid my dyin breth, I don't noe for certainty wedder she be a man or a wumman—so I'm pretty easy about that.

I leev me kubbin and pratee grownd to me youngist son, Dinnis, and not to Corny, for he's a well desposed quiet lad, and when wee live, he nivver kicks mee wen I'm doun, as Corny does. So Corny and his moder may support woner nuder. I had enuf to do toe mentain em when aliv ann I'm determin'd not toe trubble mee hed about em now I'm ded.

My sow and piggs, and mee krucifucks, along wid mee hudes, my too hens and mass-buk, I leev to fader M'Donogh; my dog Smut, and wulks nitecap I giv to Toby Hooragan, for he's the best cratur that ivver drew breth, tho' peeple gives out otherwise bekaze he tacks a sup and has turned his wyfe and childer out o' doors. I giv mee best shirt to the snam Toby Hooragan, I hope he'll tak care of itt, as it is the onely wun I hav.

I was a good quiet chap when I was alive, and would hav nokk'd the biggest man down that sed any thing to the contraree. I don't care 3 straws where thea berry me, so as thea don't let mee korps stay in the wauter to be ett up by the fishes—of the too I'd rather the krows had mee, bekaze it's more natral, they'll hav no pretense for eatinin mee, and the rest I'm pretty easy about. I waz always rather fond of meeself, for its sayd somewhear in the Ould Testament that charitty begins at hoam.

I was long divvided betwuxt hanging and drounding, and was saddly purplexed which to chuse; but at last I resolved upon thiss way, bekaze I thout it wasn't so vulgar as tudder, for they hang clippers and coiners, and teeves, and murderrers, but I nivver hurd they drounded any.

I didn't think I should have sed haf as much, but as itt is the last time I shall sett penn to payper, I like to take mee fill of itt. I forgive all the world exsep my wyfe and Dan O'Connell, but its against my will, and only to humer fader M'Donogh, and keep my poor sowl out of purgatory. I don't knoe rietly whear I shall goe to, but I'm pretty easy about that, as I got absillution cunningly to day without fader M'Donogh knowing what I had in my hed. So I depart this life in the forty-ait year of my age, like a man, without wincing or wining, in full assurance of goin to heaven, if father M'Donogh is not the biggest liar on the face of the yerth, for as I was a member of the Holy Moder Church of Room, and always paid the Churche's dues, and the Rint, he said I would go thear of coorse. So may the Holey Vergin taak me to her buzzum this 1st day of April, 1830. Amin.—

DENNIS TOOLE.

The Oldest Man.—At a confirmation which took place not 100 miles from Chertsey, in Surrey, the clergyman, examining a simple country girl, asked her if she knew who was the oldest man. She promptly replied—"If you please, Sir, they say old Master Goring the taylor is." "You are a very weak girl," said the Rev. gentleman. "I am indeed, Sir," was her reply, "because I have taken a great deal of doctor's stuff lately, and that made me weak."—*Kentish Gazette.*

Summary.

War Office, Aug. 24.—His Majesty has been pleased to appoint the under mentioned Officers of the East India Company's Forces to take rank by Brevet in His Majesty's Army, in the East Indies only, as follows. The Commission to be dated 22d July, 1830:—To be Lieut.-Generals: Major-Generals G. Prole, A. Ferguson, St. G. Ashe, H. F. Fulcraft, C. Macauley.—To be Major-Generals: Colonels J. Price, T. Boles, A. Knot, J. W. Adams, H. Worsley, H. Fraser, H. S. Scott, Sir J. Sinclair, Bart., R. Scott, A. M'Dowall, R. Lewis.

St. James's Palace, Aug. 18, 1830.—This day Count Moltke, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Denmark, had a private audience of his Majesty to present, in the name of his Sovereign, the insignia of the Order of the Elephant.

The Tri Colour.—Before the Revolution, the City of Paris had colours of its own—*red* and *blue*—the *white* being the colour of the King and his army. After the taking of the Bastile, the armed bourgeois of the city, having taken the name of the National Guard, added the white to the two previous colours of Paris, for the purpose of indicating that the King was no longer a separate estate, and that his power had passed into the hands of the people. Thus the *tri-colour* became the national colour.

Lorraine.—When Claude Lorraine, who it is well known was not celebrated for painting figures, disposed of his pictures, he used to say to the purchasers—"I sell you the landscape, but mind, I give you the figures."

Vicissitude of Fortune.—Of the many vicissitudes we have lived to witness, that of Marmont arriving as a suitor to the Duke of Wellington, in his character of Prime Minister of England, is not the least extraordinary.

Jesuits.—We understand that orders have been issued by our Government to enforce those provisions of the Catholic Relief Bill which prohibit the introduction into this country of Jesuits or persons bound by monastic views.

The Bourbons.—Both branches of the Royal Family of France are Bourbons; but it is usual to call the descendants of Louis XIV. "Bourbons," and those of his brother, "the House of Orleans."

On the 7th inst., with the consent of the King and of the Grand Duke of Baden, his Highness Margrave William of Baden, brother of the reigning Grand Duke, was solemnly betrothed to the Duchess Elizabeth of Wirtemberg, daughter of the late Duke Louis.

Lieutenant-Colonel Baker, as English Commissioner for laying down the new boundary of Greece, left town on Tuesday night, express for Ancona.

The King has conferred the Grand Cross of the Guelphic Order on Sir Henry Halford.

Prince Troubetzkoy, Aide-de-Camp General of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia, has been appointed Ambassador Extraordinary for the purpose of complimenting the King on his accession to the throne, and is daily expected in England.

Mrs. Siddons has taken up her residence at Sudley Lodge, Bognor.

The King at Brighton.—A meeting of the Committee appointed to make the necessary arrangement for receiving their Majesties with splendour was held last night, when it was finally arranged that a triumphal arch, of the most splendid description, be erected at the entrance of the town; that brilliant fire-works be exhibited at night by land and sea; the town authorities and committee to appear with blue rashes and other decorations, &c.

Royal Jewels.—The bijouterie, consisting of snuff-boxes, rings, &c., belonging to his late Majesty George the Fourth, has been valued, since his death, at two hundred and five thousand pounds.

Parliament will meet for the despatch of business on the 26th of October.

Young Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Louis Bonaparte, (the Count de St. Leu) has written a letter to a French Journal, exulting in the late events in France, and accompanied it by a subscription of sixty Louis for the sufferers.—*Court Journal.*

Death of the Viceroy of Egypt.—In letters from Egypt, an event is stated to have happened, which, if true, will be learned with deep regret by every civilized country in Europe—we mean the death of the Viceroy of Egypt. There is at present nothing like certainty as to the truth of the report.—*Ib.*

Greece.—It appears that Capo d'Istrias has desired General Church to quit the territory of Greece.—*Ib.*

Voltaire and Rousseau.—The remains of Voltaire and Rosseau have just been removed from the dark vault into which they had been thrown by order of the Archbishop of Paris, and restored to their former places in the principal vault at the Pantheon.

Another Case of United Twins.—A gentleman in 1807, when on deputation in the province of Coimbatore, as a member of the Board of Revenue at Madras, personally examined two children in this condition, who were three years of age. One of them was thirty-four inches high, the other a quarter of an inch shorter. The heads of both were rather long, and the sides of each head much compressed; the features of each strongly resembled the other. The bodies were joined from the lower part of the breastbone to the navel, which was common to both. They were thus face to face and could sleep in no other condition. In walking they moved sideways, and sometimes circularly. They generally slept at the same time, but not always; and one would cry, whilst the other did not. If the body of one was pinched, the other did not appear to feel; but if the connecting part was pinched, both were sensible of pain. Both were healthy children and not otherwise deformed. One was loquacious; the other talked very little; the liveliest was rather stouter than the other. Both had had the small-pox at the same time, and favourably. In moving or looking different ways, or rather in directions contrary to their natural position, they crossed their hands and arms. They could walk up stairs, and were active when playing with other children. The mother of these girls was a woman of the weaver caste; she did not, according to the statement of the father who attended them, suffer particularly in bringing them into the world. The same woman subsequently was delivered of separate twins, which were living at the time when this examination took place. What become of this curiously united pair we are not told; it is probable, and perhaps to be hoped, considering how severe a tax existence must be in such circumstances, that their lives were not prolonged.—*Asiatic Journal.*

Perhaps it is; although the brethren now in England seem happy; and the famous Hungarian sisters, exhibited in England a century ago, and joined at the back, grew up to be as happy as they were handsome. They were remarkable for the affection between them; a natural consequence of the extreme necessity for it. An union so entirely indissoluble could not exist with discord.

A Transparent Watch.—A watch has been presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, constructed of very peculiar materials, the parts being principally formed of rock crystal. It was made by M. Rebellier, and is small in size. The internal works are all visible; the two teethed wheels which carry the hands, are rock crystal; the other wheels are of metal, to prevent accidents from the breaking of the springs. All the screws are fixed in crystal, and all the axes turn on rubies. The escapement is of sapphire, the balance wheel of rock crystal, and its spring of gold. The regularity of this watch as a time keeper, is attributed by the maker to the feeble expansion of the rock crystal in the balance wheel, &c. The execution of the whole shows to what a state of perfection the art of cutting precious stones has been carried in modern times.—*Quarterly Journal of Science.*

Steam Coach Accident.—On Tuesday morning, Messrs. Doyle and Summers, the engineers, started a new-invented steam-carriage from their manufactory in Cannon-row, Whitechapel, with the intention of proceeding to Southampton. The body of the vehicle is similar to that of a phaeton, and contained seven persons in the body, and two in the dickey, by which the carriage is steered. They proceeded along the City and New roads into the Edgware-road, at the tremendous rate of between fifteen and sixteen miles per hour, when, in turning the corner of the Edgware-road into the Uxbridge-road, where the road is extremely rough, the carriage rolled from side to side, from the velocity with which it was propelled, so that every person expected to be instantly dashed to the ground. The vehicle proceeded about three hundred yards along the Uxbridge-road, as far as Hyde Park-terrace, when it was discovered that the water was running out of the boiler and cistern; a fresh supply of water was procured from the gentlemen's houses on the Terrace, but no sooner was the cistern filled, than it was empty again. An inspection into the machinery immediately took place, when it was discovered that one of the large pipes had burst. After the accident had been partly repaired, and a sufficient supply of water obtained, the vehicle was again set in motion, and they proceeded down Bayswater-hill with tremendous velocity, and the persons steering kept the centre of the road extremely well, until in endeavouring to pass through Bayswater turnpike-gate, the vehicle was not quite clear of it, and one of the wheels came with tremendous violence in contact with the large iron hinges of the gate; and such was the force, that it carried the gate from off them nearly 30 feet. From the violent collision, the whole of the machinery became deranged; and after another considerable delay in repairing damages, they again proceeded on their journey to Southampton, but the injury the works had received were so great, that when they reached Turnham-green it was discovered to be impossible to proceed any further, and in the evening the vehicle was removed to London to be repaired.

Important Invention.—Mr. G. V. Palmer, of Worcester, has taken out a patent for a machine, in perfecting which he has been engaged for the last ten years. It works by steam, and is particularly adapted for cutting canals, levelling hills for railways, or removing large masses of earth. The engine cuts, at a single movement, 6 feet wide and 3 feet deep, delivering into a cart upwards of a ton per minute; it is calculated that 360 yards of hard soil, or 720 of marle, or soft soil, may be thus removed in twelve hours. The machine also cuts and sifts gravel with like rapidity. It may be expected that the introduction of this machine will give a stimulus to road improvements and other works.

A Strange Story of a Strange Woman—Mrs. Jeffreys, Wilkes's sister, while living at Bath, retired early to bed, in a room whose window was thrown open night and day, winter and summer, without regard to the blast or the tempest, the rain or the snow; and whose furniture principally consisted of ten or a dozen wooden clocks, chiming or cuckooing in delightful discordance, whenever they struck the passing hour. No fire was ever kindled in this temple of the winds. At daybreak, Mrs. Jeffreys rose from her all but comfortable bed, ate a sparing breakfast of a dish of chocolate, and a few slices of toast, thin and narrow as a penny ribbon; and occupied herself with her books and papers till the hour of *morning calls*. These visits were very gratifying to her, but she only received, and never returned them. At the hour of three, her chairman attended with her own sedan, to convey her to the boarding house, where she was accustomed to dine. Thither she never *walked:* for having been alarmed (as it was said) at one period of her life, by encountering a *mad dog* in her ambulations, she had formed a resolution never again to put her foot upon the pavement. A bottle of her own old Madeira accompanied her in her chair. At the boarding-table, a particular seat was invariably occupied by Mrs. Jeffreys; a gentleman flanked her on each side; for she always avowed her partiality for the male sex, "who," she observed, "have more *sinews of mind* as well as body than we women;" and with these favoured neighbours she willingly shared her bottle of "London particular." Her diet at the boarding-table, for a considerable portion of time (I think I may say for years) was such, as few would credit without a voucher (and I pledge myself for the fact), fewer still could imagine, and fewer, I trow, among his Majesty's liege subjects would imitate: a sirloin of beef; a mighty round of the same true British aliment; a loin of veal; or any other joint, well coated with that *pinguid matter* vulgarly called fat, was ever provided for Mrs. Jeffreys' special accommodation. On slices of this said *fat* (detached from every particle of lean), and on small masses of *chalk*, placed beside her plate, would Mrs. Jeffreys make a hearty, and, I presume, wholesome meal (for it agreed with her right well), alternating a mouthful of one with a piece of the other, thus neutralizing the *subacid* of the former, with the *alkaline principle* of the latter; and diluting, amalgamating, and assimilating the delicious compound, with half-a-dozen glasses of her delicious wine. The day would be finished by two or three hours in conversation, and the sedan would again convey her, at an early time of night, to her own house in Gay-street.—*Literary Recollections.*

What a wretch this old woman must have been! and how Wilkes, who was choice in his living, must have hated to dine with her! We are tempted, as the only second woman on whom the title was ever bestowable, to make use of the appellation given his false mistress by the Copper Captain, and call her a "rascal." We never heard of any thing more shocking, except the German learned lady, who eat spiders.

Extraordinary Presence of Mind.—On the twenty-first November, 1793, a young gentleman, an inhabitant of Lancashire, riding in the afternoon, on the road between Ravenglass and Whitehaven, on a very high-spirited blood horse, not far distant from Egremont, passed by a single-horse chaise, which occasioned the animal to be very unruly; thinking to pacify him by passing the chaise, he cantered forwards; but the horse no longer to be restrained, bolted off at a full gallop, and, coming upon Egremont bridge—the middle of the battlements of which presents nearly a right angle to the entrance upon it—was going at such fury, that, unable to retrieve himself, he leaped sidelong into the battlements, which are upwards of four feet high. The rider, finding it impossible to recover the horse, and seeing the improbability of saving either of their lives, had he floundered over head foremost, just as the horse was falling headlong down, had instantaneous presence of mind to strike him on both sides with his spurs, and force him to take a clear leap. Owing to this precaution he alighted on his feet, and the rider firmly keeping his seat, held up the horse, till, reaching the bottom, he leaped off. When we consider the height of the bridge, which has been accurately ascertained to be upwards of twenty feet and a half of perpendicular height from the top of the battlements, and that there was not one foot depth of water in the bed of the river where they alighted, it is really miraculous that they were not both struck dead on the spot.

The gentleman travelled with his accustomed vigour from Egremont to Whitehaven, a distance of five miles. The only injury he received, was a slight sprain in one foot, which confined him three days at the King's Arms Inn, at Whitehaven. He remained there three days longer, waiting the recovery of his horse, who had a slight wound on the stifle joint. Both, however, were perfectly well after that time. The horse's foot had struck one of the parapet stones of the bridge with such violence, as to throw it four inches out of its situation.

The two most valuable diamonds of the French crown are called the Sanci and the Regent. The Sanci takes its name from Nicholas de Harlai de Sanci, who was once its owner. The Sanci was sold for a crown to the Duke of Burgundy by a Swiss in the 15th century. In 1589 it was in the possession of Antonio King of Portugal, and by him it was first pledged to De Sanci for 40,000 livres, and subsequently sold for 100,000 livres: De Sanci, in like manner, disposed of it to James II. of England, then resident at St. Germain's, from whom it passed into the hands of Louis XIV. The Regent, (so named from the Duke of Orleans, Regent during the minority of Louis XV.,) was purchased by the Duke for two millions of livres: it is of still greater value and beauty than the Sanci. The Kings of France wore the diamond in their hats. The Emperor Napoleon had it fixed in the pommel of his sword.

OPENING OF THE PORTS OF THE UNITED STATES TO BRITISH COLONIAL VESSELS.

By the President of the United States of America,

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, by an act of the Congress of the United States, passed on the twenty-ninth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and thirty, it is provided, that, whenever the President of the United States shall receive satisfactory evidence that the Government of Great Britain will open the ports in its Colonial possessions in the West Indies, on the Continent of South America, the Bahama Islands, the Caicos, and the Bermuda or Somer Islands, to the vessels of the United States, for an indefinite or for a limited term; that the vessels of the United States, and their cargoes, on entering the Colonial ports aforesaid, shall not be subject to other or higher duties of tonnage or impost, or charges of any other description, than would be imposed on British vessels, or their cargoes, arriving in the said Colonial possessions from the United States; that the vessels of the United States may import into the said Colonial possessions, from the United States, any article or articles which could be imported in a British vessel into the said possessions, from the United States; and that the vessels of the United States may export from the British Colonies aforementioned, to any country whatever, other than the dominions or possessions of Great Britain, any article or articles that can be exported therefrom in a British vessel, to any country other than the British dominions or possessions aforesaid; leaving the commercial intercourse of the United States with all other parts of the British dominions or possessions on a footing not less favourable to the United States than it now is; that then, and in such case, the President of the United States shall be authorized, at any time before the next session of Congress, to issue his Proclamation, declaring that he has received such evidence; and that, thereupon, and from the date of such Proclamation, the ports of the U. States shall be opened, indefinitely, or for a term fixed, as the case may be, to British vessels coming from the said British Colonial possessions, and their cargoes, subject to no other or higher duty of tonnage or impost, or charge of any description whatever, than would be levied on the vessels of the United States, or their cargoes, arriving from the said British possessions; and that it shall be lawful for the said British vessels to import into the United States, therefrom, any article or articles which may be imported or exported in vessels of the United States; and that the act, entitled "An act concerning Navigation," passed on the eighteenth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, an act supplementary thereto, passed the fifteenth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty, and an act, entitled "An act to regulate the commercial intercourse between the United States and certain British ports, ," passed on the first day of March, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three, shall, in such case, be suspended, or absolutely repealed, as the case may require:

And whereas, by the said act, it is further provided that, whenever the ports of the United States shall have been opened under the authority thereby given, British vessels and their cargoes shall be admitted to an entry in the ports of the United States, from the islands, Provinces, or Colonies of Great Britain, on or near the North American Continent, and North or East of the United States.

And whereas, satisfactory evidence has been received by the President of the United States that, whenever he shall give effect to the provisions of the act aforesaid, the Government of Great Britain will open, for an indefinite period, the ports in its colonial possessions in the West Indies, on the continent of South America, the Bahama Islands, the Caicos, and the Bermuda or Somer Islands, to the vessels of the United States, and their cargoes, upon the terms, and according to the requisitions, of the aforesaid act of Congress.

Now, Therefore, I, Andrew Jackson, President of the United States of America, do hereby declare and proclaim that such evidence has been received by me; and that, by the operation of the act of Congress passed on the twenty-ninth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and thirty, the ports of the United States are, from the date of this Proclamation, open to British vessels coming from the said British possessions, and their cargoes, upon the terms set forth in the

said act; the act, entitled, "An Act concerning Navigation," passed on the eighteenth day of April, one thousand eight hundred and eighteen, the act supplementary thereto, passed the 15th day of May, one thousand eight hundred and twenty, and the act, entitled "An act to regulate the commercial intercourse between the United States and certain British Ports," passed the first day of March, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-three, are absolutely repealed; and British vessels and their cargoes are admitted to an entry in the ports of the United States, from the Islands, Provinces, and Colonies of Great Britain, on or near the North American Continent, and North or East of the United States.

Given under my hand, at the City of Washington, the fifth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty, and the fifty-fifth of the Independence of the United States. ANDREW JACKSON.

By the President:

M. VAN BUREN, *Secretary of State.*

[The Act of Parliament above-mentioned is entitled "An Act to regulate the Trade of British possessions abroad." From it we copy the following sections, which show the nature and extent of the trade permitted to foreign nations.]

Section II. And be it further enacted, that no goods shall be imported into, nor shall any goods except the produce of the fisheries in British ships be exported from any of the British possessions in America, by sea from, or to any place other than the United Kingdom, or some other of such possessions, except into, or from the several ports in such possessions, called "Free Ports," enumerated or described in the table following, (that is to say).

TABLE OF FREE PORTS.

Kingston, Savannah La Mar, Montego Bay, Santa Lucia, Antonio, St. Ann, Falmouth, Maria, Mo-rant Bay, Annotte Bay,	Jamaica	Kingston,	St. Vincent
St. George,	Grenada	Any port where there is a Custom House,	Bahamas
Roseau,	Dominca	Bridgetown,	Barbadoes
St. John's,	Antigua	St. John,	New Brunswick
San Joseph,	Trinidad	St. Andrews,	Do.
Scarborough,	Tobago	Halifax,	Nova Scotia
Road Harbor,	Tortola	Quebec,	Canada
Nassau	N. Providence	St. John's	Newfoundland
Port St. George and Port Hamilton,	Bermuda	Geo. Town,	Demerara
		N. Amsterdam,	Berbice
		Castries,	St. Lucia
		Basseterre,	St. Kitts
Pitt's Town,	Crooked Island	Charles Town,	Nevis
		Plymouth,	Monserrat

[Section III. empowers his Majesty to increase the number of free Ports when expedient, by order in Council.]

Sec IV.—And whereas by the law of Navigation, foreign ships are permitted to import into any of the British possessons abroad, from the countries to which they belong, goods, the produce of those countries, and to export goods from such possessions, to be carried to any foreign country whatever. And whereas it is expedient that such permission should be subject to certain conditions, be it therefore enacted, That the privileges granted to foreign ships, shall be limited to the ships of those countries, which, having Colonial possessions, shall grant the like privileges of trading with those possessions to British ships, or which, not having Colonial possessions, shall place the commerce and navigation of this country and its possessions abroad, upon the footing of the most favoured nation, unless his Majesty by his order in Council, shall, in any case, deem it expedient to grant the whole or any of such privileges to the ships of any foreign country, although the conditions aforesaid shall not in all respects be fulfilled by such foreign country.

Sec. VI. Provided always, And be it further enacted, That until the expiration of ten years, to be computed from the 24th day of June, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two, every foreign ship which previous to that day had been engaged in trade between any of the British possessions in America, shall, for the purpose of this act, be deemed to be a ship of the country or place to which she had then belonged, if still belonging thereto, anything in the law of Navigation to the contrary notwithstanding.

Sec. VII. And be it further enacted, That the several sorts of goods enumerated or described in the Table following, denominated —"A Table of Prohibitions and Restrictions"—are hereby prohibited to be imported or brought, either by sea or by inland carriage or navigation into the British possessions in America, or into the Island of Mauritius, or shall be so imported or brought, only under the restrictions mentioned in such table, according as the several sorts of such goods are set forth therein: (that is to say)

TABLE OF PROHIBITIONS AND RESTRICTIONS.

Gunpowder, Arms, Ammunitions or Utensils of War; Beef, fresh or salted, and Pork, except into Newfoundland—prohibited to be imported, except from the United Kingdom, or from some other British possessions.

Teas—prohibited to be imported, except from the United Kingdom, or from some other British possessions in America, unless by the East India Company, or with their license.

Fish, dried or salted, Train Oil, Blubber, Fins or Skins, the produce of creatures living in the sea—prohibited to be imported, except from the United Kingdom, or from some other British possession, or unless taken by British ships fitted out from the United Kingdom, or from some other British possession, and brought in from the fishery, and except herrings from the Isle of Man, taken and cured by the inhabitants thereof.

Coffee, Cocoa Nuts, Sugar, Molasses and Rum, being of foreign production, or the production of any place within the limits of the East India Company's charter, except the Island of Mauritius—prohibited to be imported into any of the British possessions on the Continent of South America, or in the West Indies, except the Bahama or Bermuda Islands or into the island of Mauritius, and may also be prohibited to be imported into the Bahama or the Bermuda islands by his Majesty's order in Council.

Base or counterfeit Coin; Books, such as are prohibited to be imported into the United Kingdom.

By the same act, the following ports are declared to be "warehousing ports," viz:—Kingston, Jamaica; St. John, N. B.; Bridgetown, Barbadoes; Halifax and Quebec. Goods can be warehoused in these ports in the warehouse appointed by Government, without the payment of any duty on the first entry of the same.

The duties payable upon some of the leading articles of commerce, when imported into the above mentioned free ports, are as follows:—

Flour, barrel 196lbs.	5s.	0d.
Biscuit or Bread, cwt.,	2	6
Flour or Meal, not made from wheat, barrel 196lbs. or less,	2	6
Wheat, bushel,	1	0
Beans, Peas, Rye, Oats, Corn, &c. bushel,	0	7
Shingles, M not over 12 inches in length,	0	7
Do. M over do. do,	14	9
Staves or Headings, red-oak, M.	12	6
White, yellow, or pitch pine Lumber 1 inch thick, M feet,	21	0
Other kinds of Wood and Lumber, M feet,	28	0
Hoops, wood, M.	5	3
Wine in Bottles, tun of 250 gallons,	117	0
Foreign Bottles, per dozen in addition,	1	0
Wine not in bottles,	7 1-4 per cent. ad valorem	
Horses and other Live Stock,	do	10
Leather manufactures, Clocks and Watches, Linen, Musical Instruments, Wires, Books and Papers,		30
Glass and manufactures, Soap, refined Sugar, Sugar Candy, and Tobacco manufactured		20
Hay and Straw, Coin and Bullion, Salt, fresh Fruits and Vegetables, Cotton, Wool, &c.		duty free.
Most other articles, such as Hemp, dry Fruits, Essences, Gums, Pickles, Prints, Quicksilver, Sausages, Tar, Tow, Turpentine.	7 1-2 per cent. ad valorem.	

The act extends to eighty-six articles.

TRIAL OF CAPTAINS SMITH AND MARKHAM.

From the Dublin Morning Register of Aug. 25.

COMMISSION COURT, DUBLIN.

Yesterday having been fixed on for the trial of Captains Smith and Markham, of the 32d Segiment of Foot, for killing the late Standish Stamer O'Grady, Esq. in a duel, the Court-house was crowded at an early hour with a great portion of the most respectable inhabitants of our city. Some ladies were also present. At a few minutes past 11, Lord Plunkett and Mr. Justice Vandeleur took their seats on the bench. Captain Smith and Captain Markham were then placed at the bar. Captain Smith appears to be about 26 years of age. His demeanour was calm, steady, but very dejected. Captain Markham is, perhaps, about the same age as his friend. He looked thin, and rather pale, and his manner displayed more anxiety and impatience than that of Captain Smith. Still he did not want self-possession, though he seemed sensitive and irritable.

Mr. North—Gentlemen of the jury, I have now, as counsel for the prosecution in this case, to require your patient attention for a very short time. Gentlemen, the two prisoners at the bar, Captain Smith and Captain Markham, appear there to answer for the death of the late Standish O'Grady. The prisoners are officers in the 32d regiment, and both, I believe, hold the rank of captain. The late Mr. O'Grady was a young man of about 28 years of age; he belonged to the same honourable profession with myself, and was distinguished for mild manners and gentlemanly demeanour. The circumstances which led to the unhappy affair were apparently of a trivial character. Mr. O'Grady had, on the 17th of March, which you will bear in mind was St. Patrick's Day, ordered his horse for the purpose of riding out, and taking his usual exercise. He was riding up Nassau-street towards Merrion-square, and near Dawson-street, when he met a cabriolet with the two prisoners in it. Mr. O'Grady was riding on the left hand side, which is adjacent to the wall of the College-park. There was a carriage on the other side of the street, which narrowed the way which the cabriolet should pass, and brought it near the wall by which Mr. O'Grady was riding. It pressed so near that side, that, in trying to pass it, he was obliged to put his horse up on the pathway. It the attempt the horse missed his footing, and he feared would have fallen and thrown him, and he leaned forward to save himself from the fall; or to use the common expression, "to right himself in the saddle." He had a small whip, a lady's whip (it was his mother's), and in pressing forward it is possible that it struck the head of the cabriolet. In this collision, Mr. O'Grady did not say one word to the gentlemen in the cabriolet; that he did no more than I have said—try "to right himself in the saddle." The horse recovered his footing, and he his seat; he went on at the same pace—a gentle walk—in which he had approached the cabriolet, totally unconscious of any ulterior matter. The gentlemen in the cabriolet drew up suddenly, and Capt. Smith jumped out of it, with the gig-whip in his hand; he overtook Mr. O'Grady a little beyond Morrison's Hotel; he did not call to him; he did not expostulate with him; but he struck him round the back repeatedly with great violence. The unfortunate young man appears to have borne this outrage with a very unusual degree of temper. When he turned he saw Capt. Smith running back to his cabriolet; he asked him who he was? Capt. Smith said he knew him well; but on the question being repeated, he said, "Capt. Smith of the 32 regt." He rode to his father's house. I believe I have omitted to tell you who that father is—it is Mr. Edward O'Grady, of Stephen's-green, brother to our respected Chief Baron. He applied to Lieutenant Macnamara, of the 8th Hussars, who, in the course of the day, had an interview with Captain Smith and Captain Markham, who acted as his friend. The meeting took place at six o'clock in the morning; and the gentlemen at the bar spent the greater part of the intervening night at the castle. Mr. O'Grady slept on the night of the 17th at Portobello barracks with his friend, and he proceeded with him in a job coach to a field near one of the bridges in the neighbourhood of the barrack. It was understood that no person should be on the ground but the principals and their seconds. Captain Markham acquainted Mr. O'Grady that the signal to be given was—"Ready!—Fire!" When the arrangements were completed, the principals came into the field at a signal to that effect, and were placed on the ground. The pistols were placed in their hands, while Captain Markham and Lieutenant Macnamara stood by as seconds. Captain Markham then gave the first signal, but from whatever cause, he did not give in the terms fixed on. He said, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" or, "Are you ready, gentlemen?" for the witnesses do not quite agree respecting it. Mr. O'Grady conceived the word was to be as I have already stated to you—"Ready!—Fire!"—and he did not understand that this was the word, but a preliminary inquiry. Captain Smith, however, did not labour under this mistake; he levelled his pistol, and covered Mr. O'Grady for a few seconds. Mr. O'Grady perceiving his antagonist prepared, raised his pistol, but, before he had levelled it, Captain Markham, whose eye was upon him, gave the signal. Captain Smith fired, and Mr. O'Grady fell! He lived till about three o'clock on the following day (Friday, the 18th of March), when he expired. These are the facts of this case.

Evidence was adduced in corroboration of the above statement, after which

Judge Vandeleur summed up, and the Jury returned a verdict, finding both prisoners guilty of manslaughter.

Messrs. Sheil and Bennett offered a few words, the former gentleman for Captain Markham, and the latter for Captain Smith, in mitigation of puishment; after which

Judge Vandeleur addressed them, and said—John Roland Smith and Frederick Markham, you have been convicted, after a patient investigation of your case, and having the benefit of able counsel in your defence, of the offence of having deprived a human being of his existence. The Court, taking all circumstances into consideration, sentence you John Roland Smith, and you Frederick Markham, to be imprisoned in the gaol of Kilmainham for 12 months.

The announcement of the sentence was received with cheers from some parts of the Court.

MEDICAL QUACKERY.

From the John Bull.

One of the most comical things, having a most serious origin, that has occurred for years, is the investigation going on with respect to the treatment adopted in cases of consumption by an artist of the name of St. John Long; or, as our dear correspondent, Mrs. Ramsbottom calls him, Mr. Singeing Long.

It appears, from the evidence, as far as it goes, that two young ladies of the name of Cashin have died—one, as is said, in consequence of Mr. Singeing Long's having done something to her, and the other in consequence of his having done nothing to her; but the oddest part of the history is, that the young lady who died, as the doctors say, of the wound in her back, made by the medicated painter Long, had nothing the matter with her, but submitted to be rubbed by the doctor, in order, as it should seem, that her sister might get well.

This would appear vastly absurd, but that Sir Francis Burdett, the patriarch of reform, the Anti-Anas and pro rocis, patriot of Cold Bath-fields, the admirer of La Fayette, old and young, actually went to Mr. Long and suffered him to rub him for the gout in his hand, in order that the Marquess of Anglesea might be cured of the *tic douloureux*. Now this mode of physicking by proxy is certainly new; and as far as our estimation of Mr. Long's skill and ability goes, we should, if we were doomed to be worked upon, by Mr. Long, be extremely obliged to any friend who would visit his turpentine shop in Harley street, and consent to be practised upon in our stead.

Sir Francis Burdett is very candid in his evidence, he admits that Long neither did him good nor harm: and having ventured an opinion as to his merits, admits, upon being questioned by Mr. Wakley, of the *Lancet*, that he is ignorant of medical matters, and could not distinguish a glass of Prussic acid from a glass of water.

Mr. Brodie states that sloughing had begun in the wound on the poor delicate girl's back; and Mr. Somebodyelse denies it, and in order to convince the gentlemen of the Jury that he is right, pulls out of his pocket a large piece of the young lady's skin, which is exhibited and handed round to the assembled company.

We shall say nothing of this promising young artist until the evidence is closed; but we certainly were not prepared to hear of the extent to which the infatuation about his cures have gone. We have heard of ladies, bed-ridden, who, touched by Long, have danced the gallopade in a fortnight—of gentlemen who have had the gout expelled in half an hour's rubbing; and of noble Lords who never were well till St. John Long sublimated and turpentined them up to a proper pitch; and even now, pending this investigation, men, women, and children—the latter, poor things, cannot help it—actually go to his house to be rubbed over with his inexplicable ointment, which never irritates where there is not disease, a circumstance to which may be attributed the curious fact, that the people who are quite well, go to be rubbed for those who are ill.

That men, having been painters, or zinc gutter makers, or mock gold smelters, or any thing else, should be denied the benefits of their discoveries in any other science, would be wrong, and absurd in principle; but we must say, that people should submit to have holes made in their backs to prevent disease, or serious inflammation excited in one place to divert the fire from a trifling one somewhere else, seems extremely juvenile; for our own parts—and we are sure Mr. Wakley, who is earnestly labouring to expose this affair, must think with us—we would rather trust such men as Cooper, or Keate, or Brodie, who, to science and knowledge, add skill derived from practice, and caution obtained by experience, than go to an artist, however clever, to "be buttered" with some filth, so obscure in its character, that it is unanalyzable.

Next week we shall see what is to happen to Mr. Long; we believe, let the worst come to the worst, his life is safe. Mr. Van Butchell had a squeak once, and now is Mr. Long's turn; however, we shall patiently wait until all the evidence appears, convinced that whatever accidents may happen now and then, there must be something in his nostrums, to have obtained praise from men of intellect and education, and patronage from ladies of good sense and varied accomplishments.

We cannot leave the subject, however, without observing that what has occurred, makes Pope a prophet as well as a poet, when he says—

"Awake my St. John, leave all meaner things
To low ambition and the pride of kings;
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to *look about us, and to die*)," &c.

IDENTITY OF THE WRITTEN LANGUAGES OF CHINA, JAPAN, COREA, AND LOO-CHOO.

[We find the following in the Bengal Chronicle of May 6.]

Captain Basil Hall's Travels in North America.

In the 2d Volume of this work at the 369th page, there are some remarks concerning the Chinese language, being the result of a conversation which the Captain had with Mr. Du Ponceau of Philadelphia, "one of the most learned philologists alive." Hall says that he himself had published the opinion "that in China, Japan, Corea, and Loo-choo, though the spoken languages were different, the written character was common to them all, and, consequently that when any two natives of the different countries met, though neither could speak a word of the other's language, they could readily interchange their thoughts by means of written symbols." "Before Mr. Du Ponceau had proceeded far in his argument (says the Captain) he made it quite clear that I had known little or nothing of the matter; and when at length he asked why such statement had been put forth, there was no answer to be made but that of Dr. Johnson to the lady who discovered a wrong definition in his dictionary—"Sheer ignorance, Madam." Seriously however (continues Hall) it is to be regretted that an error of this magnitude in the history of language, should still have currency, as I have done by way of reparation, what obviously presented itself at the time:" Which was, that Mr. Du Ponceau should give the Captain his arguments in writing, that he might print them, which Du Ponceau did. Unfortunately however the Captain has not published his friend's reasoning, but only his conclusions. Those who desire to see the reasoning are referred to the Annals of Philosophy for January 1829.

In a former Number we noticed the boldness of Captain Hall's assertions in reference to Loo-choo, in the presence of Bonaparte, which assertions Sir Walter Scott repeated in his life of Napoleon. Our author was no more bold then, than he appears timid on the present occasion. For, whatever the arguments or theory of his "good humoured" friend may be, there is not, we are convinced any material error in Captain Hall's first assertion. That in every one of those countries, China, Japan, Corea and Loo-choo—not as Du Ponceau says in Camboje and Siam—but, in the above named nations, the Chinese written language is very generally understood by all who can be said to read and write; and not in the limited manner that a "learned and sacred language" may be supposed to be understood. And it is equally certain that "when any two natives who can write the Chinese character meet, though neither could speak a word of the other's language, they can readily interchange their thoughts by means of the Chinese written symbols." The writer of this has interchanged thoughts with Cochinchinese, Japanese, and Loochoons, by means of the Chinese characters, although he could not understand one word they uttered, nor could they understand his speech. Therefore for all practical purposes, whether of religion, science, or commerce, it is difficult to see wherein Captain Hall's first assertion is erroneous.

But Mr. Du Ponceau the President of the Am. Phil. Soc. says "it must not be believed that they—the several Nations alluded to—read those writings as a series of abstract symbols, without connecting with them some spoken language."—Again. "if there is any material diversity between the two (or the many idioms), it is impossible that the Chinese character should be understood, unless the spoken language of China be understood, at the same time."

As Captain Hall's Book does not contain the theory, nor the argument of the President Du Ponceau, it is difficult to say what he is combating. But, the inhabitants of Chini, Cochinchina, Corea, Japan and Loo-choo, can, when totally, unintelligible to each other orally, communicate their thoughts by means of the Chinese character—that is, the Chinese character is understood, when the spoken language of China is not understood, at the same time, is perfectly true. That the Chinese character is thus generally understood by five nations whose spoken languages are unintelligible to each other is an important fact: and "seriously would it be to be regretted," that this fact should lose its hold on the mind of any Christian Philanthropist by the confession of Captain Hall, before the President of the Am. Phil. Soc.—*Centre. Register, March 17.*

INDIA GENERAL ORDERS.

Head Quarters, Calcutta 25th March, 1830.

At a European General Court Martial, assembled at Cawnpore on the 19th November 1829, of which Colonel M. Childers, of His Majesty's 11th Light Dragoons, is President. Lieutenant William Young Torckler, of the 4th Regiment Native Infantry, was arraigned on the following Charge:—

Charge.—"Having at Sultanpore, in the dominions of the King of

Oude, on the 19th of August 1829, unlawfully, maliciously, and feloniously, fired a loaded pistol, or two loaded pistols, at Lieutenant Philip Goldney, of the same Regiment, with intent to murder the said Lieutenant Goldney."

Upon which Charge the Court came to the following decision:

Finding.—"The Court is of opinion, and hereby pronounces the Prisoner to be Guilty of the Charge against him.

Sentence.—"The Court does, therefore, Sentence him, the Prisoner, Lieutenant W. Y. Torckler, of the 4th Regiment of Native Infantry, to be hanged by the neck till he be dead, at such time and place as His Excellency the Commander-in-Chief may be pleased to direct.

Approved, (Signed) DALHOUSIE, *Commander-in-Chief.*

Remarks by the Right Honourable the Commander-in-Chief.

The Commander-in-Chief has perused with deep concern, the Proceedings of this Court Martial, and the verdict pronounced by the Court has his entire concurrence and approval.

It appears to the Commander-in-Chief, that though the temper of the Prisoner seems to have been the greatest cause of his constant disputes, and his expulsion from the society of his brother Officers, yet from the voluminous papers, unnecessarily dragging before the Court the incidents of late years, His Excellency has observed a spirit of hostility towards the unfortunate Prisoner from his brother Officers, little calculated to subdue or soften his unhappy and irritable temper. That they should withdraw from familiar and friendly intercourse is accounted for, but His Excellency conceives there is an asperity in the notice of the acts of Lieutenant Torckler, not measured with their actual offence, but aggravated by recurrence to past events, with which they had no connexion; events which had been decided on by admitted authority, and over which oblivion might justly have been extended: the operation of such a conviction on the mind of the Prisoner, is evinced in his exclamation after the atrocious deed, "that desperation had driven him to it."

It is impossible, in the circumstances in which the Prisoner was placed, to consider his visit to Lieutenant Goldney, to have been for the purpose of a duel, in its accepted sense, but that the Prisoner contemplated forcing that officer into conflict, unless he signed the paper of character.

Taking into consideration all the circumstances attending the case of this unhappy man, the Commander-in-Chief is willing to extend to him the powers of mercy which are entrusted to him, and in that feeling remits the Sentence pronounced.

The Commander-in-Chief deeming Lieutenant Torckler to be a very improper person to remain in the Army, has submitted to Government his recommendation, that Lieutenant Torckler be immediately suspended from his Commission, and an application made to the Court of Directors, to dismiss him from the Service.

The Commander-in-Chief fully concurs in the observation of the Court on the style of the defence, as well as their remark on the opening address of the Deputy Judge Advocate, to which His Excellency adds his disapprobation of the Deputy Judge Advocate's intemperate reply.

The whole Proceedings appear to have been conducted with an acrimony altogether inadmissible before a Court Martial; and the Commander-in-Chief greatly regrets, that what the Court so justly condemn, they should have admitted on their Proceedings.

Lieutenant Torckler is to be released from arrest, and directed to proceed to the Presidency, where he will report his arrival to the Town-Major of Fort William, from whom he will receive further instructions.

The above Order is to be read at the head of every Regiment, and every body of Troops composing a Detachment of a Garrison.

☞ TO PRINTERS.—The Type used for this paper, consisting of about 500 weight of Brevier, and 60 or 70 of Nonpareil, will be sold at twenty-five cents for the former, and thirty-seven and a half for the latter. Terms, cash at a discount of four per cent., or a negotiable note at six months. The Proprietor also wishes to dispose of a good Imperial Press, of the Rust make, with rollers, &c. Price, $150, on the same conditions. N.B. The Type may be divided into two fonts.

Exchange at New York on London 60 days 6 3-4 a 7 per cent.

THE ALBION.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1830.

We have no later advices from Europe.

We have placed in another column the President's Proclamation for opening the ports of the United States to British vessels from the 5th inst. The British Government will follow up this measure, by immediately rescinding the order in Council of the 27th July 1826, promulgated on the 18th of August, the same year. We have appended to the Proclamation several sections of the act of 1825, as well as the amount of duties to be levied on various articles of American production. American manufactures are freely admitted to the British Colonies under the provisions of this act, and at a rate of duties far below those imposed on British manufactures when imported into the United States. Manufactures of leather, clocks, watches, musical instruments, books, paper, &c. are admitted at *thirty* per cent.; various drugs at *seven and half* per cent.; soap, refined sugar, and glass, at twenty per cent. All non-enumerated articles are charged at an import duty of fifteen per cent., agreeably to the following clause. "Goods, wares, and merchandize, not being enumerated or described, nor otherwise charged with a duty by this act, for every £100 of the true and real value thereof, £15."

Consequently, as Cotton and Woollen goods are not enumerated, they may be exported to any of the British Colonies at a duty of 15 per cent.—The same applies to furniture, cabinet work, agricultural implements, &c. &c.

It is not surprising that an act containing such liberal provisions should have met with opposition from the enemies of free trade in England; nor is it at all to be wondered at that the North American Colonies should complain of a measure that will have a tendency to throw the carrying trade into the hands of rivals, who possess such decided advantages of proximity of situation, productions, &c., and the Government indeed could do no less than grant these northern colonies—since they have embarked their capital in this trade, under the belief that it was permanently thrown into their hands—some protecting duties. It certainly was not to the advantage of British shipping to re-open this trade, but his Majesty's Government was influenced by two considerations—first, a consistent adherence to their plan of opening every possible channel for trade, leaving it to merchants to find out their utility; and secondly, a feeling of justice and courtesy to the United States. The United States was the only nation excluded from the benefits of this important act, which had expressed itself willing to comply with its provisions. Indeed, Mr. Vaughan used an irrefutable argument, when he told Lord Aberdeen that the British Government could not with propriety claim sincerity for its frequent professions of friendship for this nation, so long as it denied her privileges which were granted to every other. The American Cabinet was ready to comply with our own terms—how then could we in ordinary civility refuse the demand? It is true, England might have said, as she did in fact for a long time, that as the United States had declined the offer when first made, it should not be made again. England, we say, had the *right* to say this, but it was certainly not a *friendly* nor a liberal way of conducting the intercourse of two nations professing to be on terms of amity and good understanding. We make these observations for our colonial readers, who, as we have before intimated, may perhaps feel aggrieved that the mother country has given away a trade which they had imagined was exclusively their own.

Let us hope, however, that the subject is now permanently set at rest, and that interdictions and prohibitions will no more be heard of between the British Colonies and the United States. The trade will unquestionably be circumscribed under the present enormous American tariff, because there is literally no vent for British West India rum and sugar, the staple commodities of those islands, in this country; consequently, the people of those islands cannot purchase to the extent that a free interchange of productions would insure. Nevertheless the business will revive to a certain extent, and we think that a regular line of packets between this port and Jamaica, touching at the Bahamas, would be a good speculation, and a source of great convenience to those islands. Travellers, parties on pleasure, invalids, and others, would gladly embrace a regular and comfortable conveyance for making an excursion to the United States, the Canadas, &c., as it would be attended with less expense and be performed in a shorter space of time than a similar jaunt to Europe.

Medical quackery, notwithstanding the progress of science, still exercises its pernicious influence all over the world. A coroner's inquest was lately held in London over the body of a Miss Cashin, who died while under the treatment of a new professor of the healing art, a Mr. St. John Long. His plan consists of inhaling gas, and external friction. In the present case the young lady was quite well, but her sister was consumptive, and fearing that she might be infected with the same dreadful malady, the assistance of Mr. Long was sought. That gentleman makes it a point to give no "doctor's stuff," and very little of any stuff. He allows his patients to eat what they like, and appears to be very much delighted when they grow worse, believing it like Moliere's, *Medecin Malgre lui*, a certain sign that they will get better. It was proved that Miss Cashin grew daily worse under Dr. Long's care, and that a large eschar had been created in her back, which tending to mortification, the patient died. A verdict of manslaughter was brought in against the offender, and we trust he will be punished accordingly. We despair, however, of checking the evil in these cases by severity, as penal enactments would be regarded as persecution, on the part of the delinquent and his infatuated admirers; ridicule is the only weapon, and that has been admirably used by the *John Bull*, whose article on the unfortunate subject we have inserted in the adjoining page.

We are requested to give insertion to the following:—The Brig Napoleon, Budd, sailed from Sandy Hook Sept. 24th. On 1st October was upset in a violent hurricane, in lat. 34° 9', long. 66° 12' West, and two persons were lost. After being thirty hours on the wreck, the Brig Creole, Capt. Tooker, of Yarmouth, N. S. appeared and took off Capt. Budd and the survivors, treating them with great kindness. The Creole spoke, Sept 27th, lat. 26° 22', long. 66° 17', Brig Cuba, Hardwater, 13 as hence for St. Barts—had experienced heavy weather. The Creole on 1st Oct. experienced very heavy weather, at 7 P. M. pumped out great quantities of molasses; shifted part of her cargo, and found some of it stove, and with great difficulty righted the vessel and secured the remainder. Oct 2d, heavy squalls from N. E. sent down fore top-gallant mast and main top-gallant mast, took in all sail except the stay-sail; at 1 P. M. saw a wreck on the lee bow, double reefed the mainsail and set the main stay-sail and kept away for her; at 4 P. M. got the boat out and took off Capt. Budd and 6 of the crew of Brig Napoleon, of New York, capsized the day before. We were unable to save any thing from the wreck. Left in lat. 40° 5' long. 68° 21'—Monday 11th Oct. bound to Yarmouth, (N. S.) signed Capt. Tooke, of Brig Creole.

Vol. IV. of the Encyclopediæ Americana, is just published by Cary & Lea, of Philadelphia, a work which we have already noticed in terms of just commendation. The present volume extends in alphabetical order, from C to E, embracing the Drama, Denmark, Edinburgh, Egypt, England, Electricity, Europe, &c., all subjects of course of paramount interest, and they are treated with the ability peculiar to the work. We know of no publication so well adapted for family use.

The Harpers have published Mr. Galt's Life of Byron, as the ninth number of the *Family Library*. Copious extracts will be found in our preceding pages. We have already mentioned that the American publishers of the Family Library are making arrangements to incorporate with the work the lives of some distinguished individuals of this country. The following are the work already published as well as those in preparation:—

Published.—I. II. & III., *History of the Jews:* 3 vols.; IV. & V., *Napoleon Bonaparte:* 2 vols.; VI. *Life of Nelson:* 1 vol.; VII. *Alexander the Great.* 1 vol.; VIII. *History of Insects:* 1 vol.; IX. *Life of Lord Byron.* 1 vol.

In Preparation.—*Life of Mohamed*, by Rev. Geo. Bush; *Dewit Clinton*, by David Hossack, LL.D.; *Robert Fulton*, by C. D. Colden, Esq.; *Eminent Painters, &c.* by A. Cunningham; *General Wolfe*, by R. Southey, Esq.; *Life of Cervantes*, by J. G. Lockhart, Esq.; *Isaac Newton*, by Dr Brewster; *The Earl of Peterborough*, by Walter Scott, Bart; *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, by Walter Scott, Bart.

Signor Dorigo's Concert will take place on Tuesday next. We present a programme of the entertainment, earnestly recommending every lover of music to extend their favour to an individual who unquestionably possesses the highest talent.

Signor F. Dorigo's Grand Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music, at Masonic Hall, on Tuesday, the 19th inst. at 8 o'clock in the evening.

Principal Vocal Performers—Signor Felice Dorigo, Mad. Brichta, Signor Angrisani.

Principal Instrumental Performers—Mad. Brichta, Piano Forte; Signor Segura, Violin; Mr. E. Cuddy, Flute. Leader, Signor Segura. Mr. Etienne will preside at the Piano Forte.

Part I.

1. Overture to "La Clochette" (1st time in America), Herold.
2. Duett from La Gazza Ladra, "Come frenar il pianto,"—Mad. Brichta and Signor Dorigo, Rossini.
3. Solo, on the Flute, by Mr. Cuddy.
4. Aria from L'Inganno felice, "Una voce m'ha colpito"—Signor Dorigo, Rossini.
5. Romanza from Teobaldo and Isolina, "Notte tremenda"—Sung by Mad. Brichta, accompanied by Messrs. Etienne and Cuddy, with Piano and Flute, Morlacchi.
6. Duetto Buffo from La Cenerentola, "Un Segreto"—Messrs. Dorigo and Angrisani, Rossini.

Part II.

7. Overture to Tancredi—Orchestra, Rossini.
8. Duetto from L'Elisa e Claudio, "Se un istante"—Mad. Brichta and Signor Dorigo, Mercadante.
9. Variations for Piano Forte and Violin on the Jema "Bel raggio," from La Semiramide, of Rossini—executed by Mad. Brichta and Signor Segura, Mayseder.
10. Grand Aria, from L'Amasilia, "Si miei prodi"—Signor Dorigo, Pacini.
11. Aria, "Bajelito nuevo," (as sung by Mad. Malibran,) accompanied on the Spanish Guitar by Signor Segura—Mad. Brichta, Garcia.
12. Aria Buffa of Figaro in the Barbiere di Seviglia, "Largo al Factotum"—Signor Dorigo, Rossini.
13. Finale—Orchestra, Haydn.

We are requested to say that Madame Brichta has not received *instruction* from Signor Dorigo, as intimated in our last, but that she has merely profitted by his good style in consequence of practising with him.

Important information to the amateurs of ball-room dancing and waltzing, and principally to those who are anxious to receive the best instruction in the delightful art of dancing.

FASHIONABLE DANCING and WALTZING ACADEMY.—Mr. and Mrs. Achille respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen of New York that their Academy is now open. The days of Tuition are Wednesdays and Saturdays, from 3 to 5 in the afternoon for young ladies; from 5 to 7 for masters, and from 7 to 9 for gentlemen. Practising Ball every Thursday evening. They have also the honour to make known, that they will give private lessons at their own house or elsewhere. For terms, apply at the residence of Mr. Achille, 84 Walker-street. [Oct. 16.—4t.

ORATORIO.—A Grand Oratorio of Sacred Music will be given on Sunday evening next, in Christ Church, Ann-street, at half past 6 o'clock, by the "New York Sacred Music Society," who gratuitously give their services, for the benefit of the Ladies' Association attached to the Orphan Asylum in Prince-street. Tickets will be distributed gratis by the Catholic Clergy and by the managers. A collection will be made during the evening by Ladies of the Association for the purpose of procuring winter clothing for the orphans. [Oct. 15, 1830.

PEW TO LET.—To let a large family pew in Trinity Church. Rent low—inquire of the Sexton. [Oct. 16.

SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway—Official drawing of the New-York Lottery, Extra Class, No. 27, for 1830, Oct. 13—39, 54, 29, 13, 30, 47, 51, 53, 15, 41. I have again sold *two* of the Capitals: one-fourth of the $25,000 was sent to Philadelphia. My Canada friends I hope will be fortunate in the following splendid schemes all to be drawn in this city at the time stated. October 20, Extra Class 28, highest prizes, $25,000 $10,000, &c. tickets $5; October 27, Extra 29, $20,000, $1,000, &c. tickets $5; Nov. 3, Extra 30, $20,000, $10,000, $5,000, tickets $5; Nov. 10, Extra 31, 3 of $10,000, &c. tickets $5; Nov. 17, Regular Class 10, magnificent scheme, $30,000, $15,000, $10,000, $6,500, 80 of $1,000, tickets $10; Nov. 26, Extra 32, $20,000, $10,000. ☞ Orders for any of the above, by Mail or otherwise, meet same attention as on personal application.

N. B. Those persons dealing with Sylvester are entitled to the *Reporter*, an useful paper, published weekly. Letters to be addressed to

Oct. 16.] S. J. SYLVESTER, New York.

AMERICAN & FOREIGN AGENCY FOR CLAIMS, &c. under the direction of Aaron H. Palmer, Counsellor of the Supreme Court of the United States, and Superior Courts of Law and Equity of the State of New York:—Office 49 Wall Street, New York.

The undersigned having visited Europe in 1826 and 1827, under the special auspices of the late lamented De Witt Clinton, and of other distinguished individuals in the United States, by which he was enabled to establish a correspondence with eminent Bankers and Solicitors in Great Britain and France, which he has subsequently extended to all foreign ports and capitals in commercial relations with the United States,—is now prepared to transmit for settlement the claims, &c. of all claimants, creditors, assignees, heirs, devisees, legatees, annuitants or Fund-holders residing in this country, due, payable or recoverable in any foreign kingdom, state or colony, on receiving the suitable legal proofs and vouchers, together with the requisite power of attorney duly authenticated by the appropriate Foreign Consul nearest the claimant's place of residence.

He has likewise efficient and responsible Law Agents and correspondents in the principal cities and towns of the United States and British America, and will attend to the prompt collection and recovery of the like claims, &c. in this country, in behalf of American as well as Foreign claimants.

All communications, post paid, to his address, will receive immediate attention.

Oct. 16.] AARON H. PALMER.

SITUATION Wanted, by a Young Man as Clerk in a Store, who would be willing to make himself useful in any way, and would be content with a very moderate salary. Satisfactory reference will be given as to integrity and ability.—Address J. H., Albion Office. [Oct. 16.

UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—College of Physicians and Surgeons, New-York, June 16, 1830.—The twenty-fourth Session of the College will commence on the first Monday of November next; after which the several courses of instruction will be continued under the respective Professors, viz. John Augustine Smith, M. D. on Anatomy and Physiology; Alexander H. Stevens, M. D. on the Principles and Practice of Surgery; Joseph M. Smith, M. D. on the Theory and Practice of Physic and Clinical Medicine; Edward Delafield, M. D. on Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children; John B. Beck, M. D. on Materia Medica and Medical Jurisprudence; John Torrey, M. D. on Chemistry and Botany.

By order of the Board of Trustees, JOHN WATTS, Jun. M. D. President.
[Aug. 28—6t.] NICHOLL H. DERING, M. D. Registrar.

STATE OF NEW YORK, Secretary's Office, Albany, July 22, 1830.—Sir, I hereby give you notice, that at the next general election in this state, to be holden on the 1st, 2d, and 3d days of November next, a Governor and Lieutenant Governor are to be elected. And also, that a Senator is to be chosen in the First Senate District, in the place of Jonathan S. Conklin, whose term of service will expire on the last day of December next. And also, that at the next general election, a Register for the City and County of New York is to be chosen, in the place of Thomas Franklin, deceased, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December, 1831. A. C. FLAGG, Secretary of State.

The above is a true copy of a notification received from the Secretary of State.
JAMES SHAW, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, New York, August 4th, 1830.

*** All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once a week until the election, and send their bills to the Sheriff's office.

NEW-YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

Ships	Masters	Days of sailing from New York.	Days of sailing from Liverpool.
No. 1. New York,	Bennet,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1,	Feb. 16, June 16, Oct. 16
4. York,	Fardsell,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24
3. Manchester,	Sketchly	" 16, " 16, " 16,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1
2. Wm. Byrnes,	Hackstaff,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8
1. Caledonia,	Rogers,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1,	" 16, " 16, " 16
4. Geo. Canning,	Allyn,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24
3. Hibernia,	Maxwell,	" 16, " 16, " 16,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
2. John Jay,	Holdrege,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8
1. Canada,	Graham,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1,	" 16, " 16, " 16
4. Napoleon,	Smith,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24
3. Florida,	Tinkham,	" 16, " 16, " 16,	May 1, Sep. 1, Jan. 1
2. Birmingham,	Harris,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8
1. Pacific,	Crocker,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1,	" 16, " 16, " 16
4. Silas Richards,	Holdrege,	" 8, " 8, " 8,	" 24, " 24, " 24
3. Britannia,	Marshall,	" 16, " 16, " 16,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1
2. Silvanus Jenkins	Allen,	" 24, " 24, " 24,	" 8, " 8, " 8

Passage in the Cabin to Liverpool, *thirty guineas*: from Liverpool, *thirty-five guineas*: including beds, bedding, wine, and stores of every description.

No. 1 and 3, Old Line.—Agents, F. Thompson & Nephews, 97 Beekman-street. No. 2, New Line.—Owners, Byrnes, Trimble & Co. and Saml. Hicks & Sons.—No. 4 Packet Line, Owners, Fish, Grinnell & Co.

Agents in Liverpool 1st and 3d Line, Cropper, Benson & Co. 2d. Line, Wm. and James Brown & Co.—and 4th, Cearns, Fish & Crary.

NEW-YORK AND HAVRE PACKETS.

Ships.	Masters.	Days of sailing from New York.	Days of sailing from Havre.
No. 1. Charlemagne,	Robinson.	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1	Mar. 20, July 20, Nov. 20
Old Line—Havre.	E. L. Keen,	" 10, " 10, " 10	Ap'l. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1
2. Chas. Carroll	Clark,	" 20, " 20, " 20	" 10 " 10 " 10
1. Edw. Quesnel,	Hawkins,	March 1, July 1, Nov. 1	" 20 " 20 " 20
Old Line—Henri IV.	J. B. Pell,	" 10, " 10, " 10	May 1 Sept 1 Jan. 1
2. France,	E. Funk,	" 20, " 20, " 20	" 10 " 10 " 10
1. Sully,	R. J. Macy	Ap'l. 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1	" 20 " 20 " 20
Old Line—Francois 1st	W. Skiddy	" 10, " 10, " 10	June 1 Oct. 1 Feb. 1
2. Erie,	J. Funk,	" 20, " 20, " 20	" 10 " 10 " 10
1. Formosa,	Orne,	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1	" 20 " 20 " 20
Old Line—De Rham,	Depeyster,	" 10, " 10, " 10	July 1 Nov. 1 Mar. 1
2. Edw. Bonaffe,	Hathaway	" 20, " 20, " 20	" 10 " 10 " 10

Passage in the Cabin to or from Havre, *one hundred and forty dollars*, including beds, bedding, wine, and stores of every description.

DUELLING.

[Farther extracts from the Diary of the Physician mentioned in another part of to-day's paper.]

I had been invited by young Lord ——, the nobleman mentioned in my former chapter, to spend the latter part of my last college-vacation with his lordship at his shooting-box in ——shire. As his destined profession was the army, he had already a tolerably numerous retinue of military friends, several of whom were engaged to join us on our arrival at ——; so that we anticipated a very gay and jovial season. Our expectations were not disappointed. What with shooting, fishing, and riding, abroad—billiards, songs, and high *feeding*, at home, our days and nights glided as merily away as fun and frolice could make them. One of the many schemes of amusement devised by our party, was giving a sort of military subscription-ball at the small town of ——, from which we were distant not more than four or five miles. All my Lord——'s party of course, were to be there, as well as several others of his friends, scattered at a little distance from him in the country.

There was one girl there—the daughter of a reputable retired tradesman—of singular beauty, and known in the neighbourhood by the name of "*The Blue Bell of* ——." Of course, she was the object of universal admiration, and literally besieged the whole evening with applications for the "honour of her hand." I do not exaggerate, when I say, that, in my opinion, this young woman was perfectly beautiful. Her complexion was of dazzling purity and transparence—her symmetrical features of a placid bust-like character, which, however, would perhaps have been considered insipid, had it not been for a brilliant pair of large, languishing, soft blue eyes, resembling

—"blue water-lillies, when the breeze
Maketh the crystal waters round them tremble,"

which it was almost madness to look upon. And then her light auburn hair, which hung in loose and easy curls, and settled on each cheek like a soft golden cloud flitting past the moon!

I observed, one of our party, a dashing young captain in the Guards, highly connected, and of handsome and prepossessing person and manners, and a gentleman, of nearly equal personal pretensions, who had been invited from —— Hall, his father's seat, to exceed every one present in their attentions to sweet Mary ——; and as she occasionally smiled on one or the other of the rivals, I saw the countenance of either alternately clouded with displeasure. Captain —— was soliciting her hand for the last set—a country dance—when his rival, (whom for distinction's sake, I shall call *Trevor*, though that, of course, is very far from his real name,) stepping up to her, seized her hand, and said, in a rather sharp and quick tone, "Captain ——, she has promised me the last set; I beg, therefore, you will resign her. —I am right, Miss ——?" he enquired of the girl, who blushingly replied, "I think I did promise Mr. Trevor—but I would dance with, both if I could. Captain you are not angry with me; are you?" she smiled appealingly.

"Certainly not, madam," he replied, with a peculiar emphasis; and after directing an eye, which kindled like a star, to his more successful rival, retired haughtily a few paces, and soon afterwards left the room. A strong conviction seized me, that even this small and trifling incident would be attended with mischief between those two haughty and undisciplined spirits; for I occasionally saw Mr. Trevor turn a moment from his beautiful partner, and cast a stern enquiring glance round the room, as if in search of Captain ——. I saw he had noticed the haughty frown with which the Captain had retired.

Most of the gentlemen who had accompanied Lord —— to this ball were engaged to dine with him the next Sunday evening. Mr. Trevor and the Captain (who, I think, I mentioned, was staying a few days with his lordship) would meet at this party; and I determined to watch their demeanour. Captain —— was at the window, when Mr. Trevor, on horseback, attended by his groom, alighted at the door, and on seeing who it was, walked away to another part of the room, with an air of assumed indifference; but I caught his quick and restless glance invariably directed at the door through which Mr. Trevor would enter. They saluted each other with civility—rather coldly, I thought—but there was nothing particularly marked in the manner of either. About twenty sat down to dinner. All promised to go off well—for the cooking was admirable—the wines first-rate, and conversation brisk and various. Captain —— and Mr. Trevor were seated some distance from each other—the former was my next neighbour. The cloth was not removed till a few minutes after eight—when a dessert and a fresh and large supply of wine were introduced. The late ball, of course, was a prominent topic of conversation; and after a few of the usual bachelor toasts had been drunk with noisy enthusiasm, and we all felt the elevating influence of the wine we had been drinking, Lord —— stood up, and said—"Now, my dear fellows—I have a toast in my eye that will delight you all—so, bumpers, gentlemen—bumpers!—up to the very brim,—so make sure your glasses are full—while I propose to you the health of a beautiful—nay, by ——! the the most beautiful girl we have any of us seen for this year—Ha! I see all anticipate me—so, to be short—here is the health of Mary——, the Blue Bell of ——!" It was drunk with acclamation. I thought I perceived Captain ——'s hand, however, shake a little, as he lifted his glass to his mouth.

"Who is to return thanks for her?"—"Her favourite beau, to be sure."—"Who is he?"—"Legs—rise—legs—whoever he is!" was shouted, asked, and answered, in a breath. "Oh—Trevor is the happy man—there's no doubt of that—he monopolized her all the evening—*I* could not get her hand once," exclaimed one near Mr. Trevor—"Nor I"—"Nor I"—echoed several. Mr. Trevor looked with a delighted and triumphant air round the room, and seemed about to rise, but there was a cry—"No—Trevor is not the man—*I* say Captain —— is the favourite!"—"Aye—ten to one on the Captain!" roared a young young hero of Ascot. "Stuff—stuff," muttered the Captain, hurriedly cutting an apple to fritters,—and now and then casting a fierce glance towards Mr. Trevor. There were many noisy maintainers of of both Trevor and the Captain.

"Come—come, gentlemen," said a young Cornish baronet, good-humouredly, seeing the two young men appeared to view the affair very seriously—"The best way, since I dare be sworn the girl herself does not know which she likes best, will be to *toss up* who shall be given the credit of her beau!" A loud laugh followed this dull proposal; in which all joined except Trevor and the Captain. The latter had poured out some claret wine while Sir —— was speaking, and sipped it with an air of assumed carelessness. I observed, however, that he never removed his eye from his glass—and that his face was pale—as if from some strong internal emotion. Mr. Trevor's demeanour, however, also indicated considerable embarrassment; but he was older than the Captain, and had much more command of manner. I was amazed, for my own part, to see them take up such an insignificant affair so seriously; but these things generally involve so much of the strong passions of our youthful nature,—especially our vanity and jealousy, that, on second thoughts, my surprise abated.

"I certainly fancied you were the favourite, Captain; for I saw her blush with satisfaction when you squeezed her hand," I whispered. "You are right,——," he answered, with a forced smile.—"I don't think Trevor can have any pretensions to her favour." The noisiness of the party was now subsiding—and nobody knew why an air of blank embarrassment seemed to pervade all present.

"Upon my honour, gentlemen, this is a vastly silly affair altogether, and quite unworthy such a stir as it has excited," said Mr. Trevor; "but as so much notice has been taken of it, I cannot help saying, though it is monstrously absurd, perhaps, that I think the beautiful 'Blue Bell of ——' is mine—mine alone! I believe I have good ground for saying I am the sole winner of the prize, and have distanced my military competitor," continued Mr. Trevor, turning to Captain——, with a grim air, which was very foreign to his real feelings, "though his brig at eyes—his debonair demeanour—that fascinating *je ne sais quoi* of his."

"Trevor! Don't be insolent!" exclaimed the Captain sternly, reddening with passion.

"*Insolent!* Captain?—What the deuce do yo mean? I'm sure you don't want to quarrel with me—oh, it's impossible! If I have said what was offensive, by ——, I did not mean it—and, as we said at Rugby, *indictum puta*—and there's an end of it. But as for my smart little Blue Bell, I know—am perfectly certain—aye, spite of the Captain's dark looks—that I am the happy man. So, gentlemen, *de jure* and *de facto*—for her, I return you thanks." He sate down. There was so much kindness in his manner, and he had so handsomely disavowed any intentions of hurting Captain ——'s feelings, that I hoped the young Hotspur beside me was quieted. Not so, however.

"Trevor," said he, in a hurried tone, "you are mistaken—you are, by——! You don't know what passed between Mary —— and myself that evening. On my word and honour, she told me she wished she could be off her engagement with you."

"Nonsense! nonsense! She must have said it to amuse you, Captain—she *could* have had no other intention. The very next morning she told me" ——

"The very next morning!" shouted Captain ——, "why, what the —— could you have wanted with Mary —— the next morning?"

"That is my affair, Captain—not yours. And since you *will* have it out, I tell you, for your consolation, that Mary and I have met every day since!" said Mr. Trevor, loudly, even vehemently. He was getting a little *flustered*, as the phrase is, with wine, which he was pouring down, glass after glass, or of course he could never have made such an absurd—such an unusual disclosure.

"Trevor, I must say you act very meanly in telling us,—if it really is so," said the Captain, with an intensely chagrined and mortified air: and—if you intend to ruin that sweet and innocent creature—I shall take leave to say, that you are a—a—a—curse on it, it will out—a villain!" continued the Captain, slowly and deliberately. My heart flew up to my throat, where it fluttered as though it would have choked me. There was an instant and dead silence.

"A *villain*—did you say, Captain? and accuse me of meanness?" enquired Mr. Trevor, coolly, while the colour suddenly faded from his darkening features; and rising from his chair, he stepped forward, and stood nearly opposite to the Captain, with his half-emptied glass in his hand, which, however, was not observed by him he addressed. "Yes, sir, I *did* say so," replied the Captain, firmly—"and what then?"

"Then, of course, you will see the necessity of apologizing for it instantly," rejoined Mr. Trevor.

"As I am not in the habit, Mr. Trevor, of saying what requires an apology, I have none to offer," said Captain ——, drawing himself up in his chair, and eyeing Mr. Trevor with a steady look of composed intrepidity.

"Then, Captain, don't expect me to apologize for *this!*" thundered Mr. Trevor, and at the same time hurling his glass, wine and all, at the Captain's head. Part of the wine fell on me, but the glass glanced at the ear of Captain ——, and cut it slightly; for he had started aside on seeing Mr. Trevor's intention. A mist seemed to cover my eyes, as I saw every one present rising from his chair. The room was, of course, in an uproar. The two who had quarrelled were the only calm persons present. Mr. Trevor remained standing on the same spot with his arms folded on his breast; while Captain —— calmly wiped off the stains of wine from his shirt-ruffles and white waistcoat, walked up to Lord ——, who was at but a yard or two's distance, and enquired, in a low tone of voice, "Your Lordship has pistols here, of course? We had better settle this little matter now, and here. Captain V——, you will kindly do what is necessary for me!"

"My dear fellow, be calm! This is really a very absurd quarrel—likely to be a dreadful business, though!" replied his Lordship, with great agitation. "Come, shake hands, and be friends!—Come, don't let a trumpery dinner brawl lead to bloodshed—and in my house, too! —Make it up like men of sense"——

"That your Lordship of course knows as well as I do, is impossible. Will you, Captain V——, be good enough to bring the pistols? You will find them in his Lordship's shooting gallery—we had better adjourn there, by the way, eh!" enquired the Captain, coolly—he had seen many of these *affairs!*

"Then, bring them—bring them, by all means."—"In God's name let this quarrel be settled on the spot!" exclaimed ——, and ——, and ——.

"We all know they *must* fight—that's as clear as the sun—so the sooner the better!" exclaimed the Honourable Mr. ——, a hot-headed cousin of Lord ——'s.

"Eternal curses on the silly slut!" groaned his Lordship; "here will be bloodshed for her!—My dear Trevor!" said he, hurrying to that gentleman, who with seven or eight people round him, was conversing on the affair, with perfect composure; "do, I implore—I beg—I supplicate, that you would leave my house! Oh! don't let it be said I ask people here to kill one another! Why may not this wretched business be made up?—By ——, it *shall* be," said he, vehemently; and, putting his arm into that of Mr. Trevor, he endeavoured to draw him towards the spot where Captain —— was standing.

"Your Lordship is very good, but it's useless," replied Mr. Trevor, struggling to disengage his arm from that of Lord ——. "Your Lordship knows the business *must* be settled, and the sooner the better. My friend Sir —— has undertaken to do what is correct on this occasion. Come," addressing the young baronet, "away! and join Captain V——." All this was uttered with *real* nonchalance! Somebody present told him, that the Captain was one of the best shots in England—could hit a sixpence at ten yards' distance. "Can he, by ——?" said he with a smile, without evincing the slightest symptoms of trepidation. "Why, then, I may as well make my will, for I'm as blind as a mole!—Ha! I have it." He walked out from among those who were standing round him, and strode up to Captain ——, who was conversing earnestly with one or two of his brother officers.

"Captain ——," said Mr. Trevor, firmly extending his right hand, with his glove half drawn on. The Captain turned suddenly towards him with a furious scowl. "I am told you are a dead shot—eh!"

"Well, sir, and what of that?" enquired the Captain haughtily, and with some curiosity in his countenance.

"You know I am short-sighted, blind as a beetle, and not very well used in shooting matters"——Every one present started, and looked with surprise and displeasure at the speaker; and one muttered in my ear—"Eh—d——!—Trevor showing the white feather! I *am* astonished!"

"Why, what do you mean by all this, sir?" enquired the Captain, with a contemptuous sneer.

"Oh, merely that we ought not to fight on unequal terms. Do you think, my good sir, I will stand to be shot at without having a chance of returning the favour? I have to say, therefore, merely, that since this quarrel is of your own seeking—and your own d——n folly only has brought it about—I shall insist on our fighting breast to breast—muzzle to muzzle—and across a table. Yes," he continued elevating his voice to nearly a shout; "we will go down to hell together—if we go at all—that is some consolation."

"Infamous!"—"Monstrous!" was echoed from all present. They would not, they said, hear of such a thing—they would not stand to see such butchery! Eight or ten left the room abruptly and did not return. Captain —— made no reply to Trevor's proposal, but was conversing anxiously with his friends.

"Now, sir, who is the coward?" enquired Mr. Trevor, sarcastically.

"A few moments will show," replied the Captain, stepping forward, with no sign of agitation, except a countenance of an ashy hue; "for I accede to your terms—ruffianly—murderous as they are; and may the curse of a ruined house overwhelm you and your family for ever!" faltered Captain ——, who saw, of course, that certain death was before both. "Are the pistols preparing?" enquired Mr. Trevor, without regarding the exclamation of Captain ——. He was answered in the affirmative, that Captain V—— and Sir —— were both absent on that errand. It was agreed that the distressing affair should take place in the shooting gallery, where their noise would be less likely to alarm the servants. It is hardly necessary to repeat the exclamations of "Murder!—downright, savage, deliberate murder!" which burst from all around. Two gentlemen left abruptly, saddled their horses and galloped after peace-officers; while Lord ——, who was almost distracted, hurried, accompanied by several gentlemen, and myself, to the shooting-gallery, leaving the Captain and a friend in the dining-room, while Mr. Trevor, with another, betook themselves to the shrubbery walk. His Lordship informed Captain V—— and the Baronet of the dreadful nature of the combat that had been determined on since they had left the room. They both threw down the pistols they were in the act of loading, and, horror-struck, swore they would have no concern whatever in such a barbarous and bloody transaction. A sudden suggestion of Lord ——'s, however, was adopted. They agreeed, after much hesitation, and doubt as to the success of the project, to charge the pistols with powder only, and put them into the hands of the Captain and Mr. Trevor, as though they were loaded with ball. Lord —— was sanguine enough to suppose that, when they had both stood fire, and indisputably proved their courage, the affair might be settled amicably. As soon as the necessary preparations were completed, and two dreary lights were placed in the shooting gallery, both the hostile parties were summoned. As it was well known that I was preparing for the medical profession, my services were put into requisition for both.

"But have you any instruments or bandages?" enquired some one.

"It is of little consequence;—we are not likely to want them, I think, if our pistols do their duty," said Mr. Trevor.

But a servant was mounted on the fleetest horse in Lord ——'s stable, and dispatched for the surgeon, who resided at not more than half a mile's distance, with a note, requesting him to come furnished with the necessary instruments for a gun-shot wound. As the principals were impatient, and the seconds, as well as the others present, were in the secret of the blank charge of the pistols, and anticipated nothing like bloodshed, the pistols were placed in the hands of each, in deep silence, and the two parties, with their respective friends, retired to a little distance from each other.

"Are you prepared Mr. Trevor?" enquired one of Captain —— party; and, being answered in the affirmative, in a moment after the two principals, pistol in hand, approached one another. Though I was almost blinded with agitation, and was, in common with three around, quaking for the success of our scheme, my eyes were riveted on their every movement. There was something solemn and impressive in their demeanour. Though stepping to certain death, as they supposed, there was not the slightest symptom of terror or agitation visible—no swaggering—no affectation of a calmness they did not feel. The countenance of each was deadly pale and damp; but not a muscle trembled.

"Who is to give us the word?" asked the Captain, in a whisper which though low, was heard all over the room; "for, in this sort of affair, if one fires a second before the other, he is a murderer." At that moment there was a noise heard;—it was the surgeon who had arrived, and now entered breathless. "Step out, and give the word at once," said Mr. Trevor, impatiently. Both the Captain and Mr. Trevor returned and shook hands with a melancholy smile with their friends, and then re-took their places. The gentleman who was to give the signal then stepped towards them, and closing his eyes with his hands, said, in a tremulous tone, "Raise your pistols"—the muzzles were instantly touching one another's breasts—"and, when I have counted three, fire. One—two—three!"—They fired—both reeled with the shock several paces, and their friends rushed forward.

"Why, what is the meaning of this!" exclaimed both in a breath. "Who has dared to mock us in this way? There were no balls in the pistols!" exclaimed Trevor, fiercely. Lord —— and the seconds explained the well-meant artifice, and received an indignant curse for their pains. It was in vain we all implored them to be reconciled, as each had done amply sufficient to vindicate their honour. Trevor almost gnashed his teeth with fury. There was something fiendish, I thought, in the expression of his countenance. "It is easily read," said Captain ——, as his eye caught several small swords hanging up. He took down two, measured them, and proffered one to his antagonist, who clutched it eagerly.—"There *can* be no deception here, however," said he: "and now"—each put himself into position —"stand off there!"

We fell back, horror-struck at the relentless and revengeful spirit with which they seemed animated. I do not know which was the better swordsman: I recollect only seeing a rapid glancing of the weapons, flashing about like sparks of fire, and a hurrying about in all directions, which lasted for several moments, when one of them fell. It was the Captain; for the strong and skilful arm of Mr. Trevor had thrust his sword nearly up to the hilt in the side of his antagonist. His very heart was cloven! The unfortunate young man fell without uttering a groan—his sword dropped from his grasp, he pressed his right hand to his heart, and with a quivering motion of the lips, as though struggling to speak, expired! "Oh, my great God!" exclaimed Trevor, in a broken and hollow tone, with a face so blanched and horror-stricken, that it froze my very blood to look upon, "what have I done? *Can all this be* REAL!" He continued on his knees by the side of his fallen antagonist, with his hands clasped convulsively, and his eyes glaring upwards, for several moments.

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A haze of horror is spread over that black transaction: and if it is dissipated for an instant, when my mind's eye suddenly looks back through the vista of years, the scene seems rather the gloomy representation—or picture—of some occurrence, which I cannot persuade myself that I *actually witnessed*. To this hour, when I advert to it, I am not free from fits of incredulousness. The affair created a great excitement at the time. The unhappy survivor (who in this narrative has passed under the name of Trevor) instantly left England, and died in the south of France, about five years afterwards, in truth, broken-hearted. In a word, since that day, I have never seen men entering into discussion, when warming with wine, and approaching nearer slowly towards the confines of formality, without reverting, with a shudder, to the trifling, the utterly insignificant circumstances, which wine and the hot passions of youth kindled into the fatal brawl which cost poor Captain —— his life, and drove Mr. —— abroad, to die a broken-hearted exile!

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.—The present Vacation will terminate on Thursday, the fourteenth of October, and every Scholar will be required to be present, and to answer to his name on Friday morning, the fifteenth, when the business of the College will re-commence. Those Masters who have signified their intention of taking Boarders, will be ready to receive them on any previous day of the week commencing on the eleventh of October. The Summer Vacation, which on the present occasion has been postponed later than was originally intended in order to insure the re-assembling of the College in the new buildings, will in future commence on the Saturday *nearest*, either before or after, the sixteenth of August, and will terminate on the Thursday six weeks following. The Christmas Vacation will commence on the Saturday preceding Christmas Day, and the College will re-assemble on that day fortnight. The Easter Vacation will commence on Good Friday, and the College will re-assemble on the Saturday week following. A strict adherence to the days of leaving and returning to College is expected to be observed, and no Scholar will be allowed, on any plea, to absent himself before the precise days fixed for the several Vacations, without special permission of the Principal. The rates are—for every Scholar of the College, Two Pounds per Quarter—for every Scholar of the Preparatory School, One Pound Five Shillings per Quarter—which additional quarterage in each case of five shillings, for pens and ink, fuel, and other contingent expenses. Scholars who learn to Draw, pay in addition to the above ten shillings per quarter, exclusive of the cost of drawing materials. The College payments to be made at the expiration of each quarter, to Mr. Barber, the Writing Master, who is authorized to receive the same.

York, Upper Canada, 1st Sept. 1830.

*** The Principal will be ready to receive Boarders after the present Vacation.—Terms—£11 5 0 per quarter, and £5 on entrance, in lieu of bedding, &c. Dr. Harris will feel obliged, by a previous intimation, at as early a period as convenient, from those parents who may wish to place their sons with him as boarders. [Oct. 2.